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MUTUAL SYMPATHY BETWEEN CHRISTIANS.

Original.

THE slightest incident in the sketches of our Savior's history is adapted to awaken good thoughts in the mind of the meditative christian. But a small portion of the results of the activity of our Master are recorded, and inspiration led the evangelists to choose those portions which were the most important and useful to instruct. And many of the most beautiful scenes in his life we have given us but in outlines ; we are privileged to fill them up, if careful that the lights and shades and the disposition of the parts, are made to harmonize with the solemn beauty of his character.

In Mark ix. 38, we find an instance of this brevity, and an incident worthy of attention. 'And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us ; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us.' This is but a part of a conference which the disciple John had with Jesus. All we are told of what preceded the expression of what John confessed he and those with him had done, is simply that Jesus questioned and John answered. It is no harm for us to suppose that Jesus desired the disciples to give him an account of their adventures during the performance of some mission he had given them to discharge, and that the language quoted from Mark is the recital of one circumstance worthy of record. It is not preserved within the lids of the holy book for nought, but to the remotest age of the church to furnish a wise and kindly caution to all inclined to an intolerant spirit. The man they met was probably a Jewish exorcist, and cherished a reverence for Jesus, but not a full and avowed disciple. Or, perhaps, and what to the writer is most probable, he was one of the seventy whom the Master sent out with power from him, and who had separated himself from

the others. It is plain from Jesus' reply to John, that he regarded the individual with a favorable eye ; 'But Jesus said, Forbid him not ; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part.' The fact of the performance of works kindred with the actions of Jesus, was proof that he was owned of God, and had sympathy with the great and beneficent mission of the Sent of God.

Such an incident as this must excite profitable thoughts to counsel the inner man, and awaken desires to cultivate more the graces of our Master's mild and philanthropic character. The first thought suggested by the incident to my mind is ; How little sympathy did the disciples have with the greatness that was in Jesus, that made him the personification of philanthropy, the genius of universal beneficence ! In Jesus Christ there dwelt no selfishness, no bending to petty partialities, or time serving policies ; but while he lived for undivided humanity, he acted for all ages, that his principles might be adopted every where and by every one ; and wherever and by whomsoever adopted, would be as the ministering angels of goodness to lead men to devotion to the right and pure, so that they might live not only for their own age, but for succeeding ages. This is the nobleness of Christ's character. He wrought, instructed, and suffered, not merely for the few who in Judea might gather around him as their Master, but his light was for all who needed it to disperse the darkness that veiled God, and duty, and heaven, from the spirit's eye. In the parable of the good shepherd and the different folds, he illustrated his expansive benevolence. 'And other sheep I have,' said he, 'which are not of this fold ; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice ; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.'

How little sympathy did the disciples have

with this moral greatness of Jesus! 'He,' said they of one who revered the name of Jesus, 'followeth not us,' and they deny him the name of Christ—regard him as an alien from the true faith—as not of the fold. *He followeth not us!* is, with thousands, sufficient reason for excluding from all connection with the Savior any individual, though in the name or in the spirit of Christ, he may labor with a high purpose to cast out from the spirit's earthly habitation the demons of evil passions, desires and affections, and give purity supreme control over the inner man, that the outer man may do right. Whoever is engaged in this work, doeth a work of God. Whoever thus labors has a portion of the spirit of Christ, though he never knew him. Wherever there is devotion to truth, an ardent seeking after the right, and a zeal to make men good, and wise, and happy, there exists one whom Jesus will own as on his part, though he may dwell in the most corrupted nation on the face of the earth, and never knew that a holy man came out of Nazareth in Judea. Moral goodness is worthy of reverence wherever found, and philanthropy is beautiful wherever it is revealed.

From these reflections I draw the following truth—Christians of every sect should cherish sympathy with each other in the great work of purifying and exalting our race. Here is a ground of union whereon every one may step, and yet be firm to his particular faith or system of doctrine, and *there is no other ground of union.*

'Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?' said Jehu to Jehonadab; 'if it be, give me thy hand.' And we may apply this, and ask ourselves if, in all sects, there is a desire to aid the cause of social progress, and to advance the march of purity and love to the rightful sovereignty over all hearts, and render men wiser, and better, and happier, are not their hearts, in this respect, right with our hearts? Certainly. Whatever be their speculative doctrines, whatever their views of the extent of Christ's mission and the efficacy of divine grace, there is one great work we all recognize as good, as all-important, as worthy the best powers of every soul. Why then should we not give each other our hands in sympathy with the work of purifying our race? If any sect be engaged in the work of promoting human virtue, there dwells in their midst the spirit of Christ; there are in those folds sheep who have heard the voice of Christ, there are souls loyal to the King of holiness.

Who will presume to assert that there exists a sect of christians who, as a sect, do not recognize virtue as man's chief good? Who will declare that there is embraced in any one of the various systems of doctrine professedly built upon the scriptures, a principle that makes vice not repulsive, or virtue not desirable? No one will assume such an ungracious task. Why then will men deny that opposite sects to theirs have no love of virtue, simply because they do not seek to cast out wickedness from the community in precisely the same fashion as those from whom they differ. Wickedness is man's bitter foe, it is evil to man, and this is sufficient reason why there should be a union of effort, a mutual sympathy in those who would have the human soul free from the bondage of iniquity.

Look, for an illustration of an opposite course, to the inconsistent conduct of the disciples. If they had caught any of the inspiration of their Master's love of purity, they must have ardently desired the deliverance of their fellow-men from the evils of iniquity, the darkness and degradation of wrong doing, and from the sorrows of disease and pain. They went forth to engage in this benevolent work. They exercised the peculiar gifts bestowed upon them by their Master. They were successful in doing much good, and wrought wondrous works in the name of Jesus. They met, in their journeyings, one who chose not to follow them, but to labor as an individual, and they took upon themselves the authority to forbid him doing any more as he had done. Would they rather the good he might accomplish should not be done at all, than that he should do it? Would they rather that the demons should dwell in the persons possessed, than that they should be cast out by the *one* who went not in their company? Well might we expect that Jesus would rebuke them, and show them the inconsistencies of their conduct.

There is a forcible application of this subject to the present age. This is an age of associations; every thing must be done by associated effort, and every one must belong to numerous associations. The individual is too much lost sight of, for if he but give his name and contribute to the funds of an association, it is too readily taken for granted that he has true sympathy with the objects for which the compact is formed; while a person who declines to connect himself with them is adjudged as caring little or nothing for what they, as a society are exceedingly de-

sirous of promoting. Men, as individuals can aid a good cause as well as in an associated capacity; and certainly if as members of a society they forget individual influence, they will do but little any way, for it is obedience to individual duty, after all, that insures success.

But to return. Christians should have sympathy with each other in promoting virtue and happiness, while they still remain firm to what they regard as divine truth. If there is one plain requisition recorded as from the lips of Jesus, it is that all who profess to reverence him as the truth, should have sympathy one with the other, should give free course to the social feeling, and cultivate studiously all the sweet charities of christian life. Yea, our sympathy should be as expansive as the sympathy of Jesus, and he had sympathy with all that was good, with all that aimed to lessen human suffering, raise up the fallen, assist the struggling, and give wisdom to the ignorant. He had sympathy with the human heart and its wants, with the human mind and its aspirations, and taught men of their social natures, and founded all his precepts of duty on that nature; they are, therefore, adapted to unfold and develope that nature, and make us, in the fullest sense of the term, *social beings*.

But there can be no such perfecting of the human character where intolerance dwells. The beloved John did not possess that beautiful benevolence of character that seems to breathe from every page of his gospel, till after he had learned the foolishness of intolerance by the two rebukes he received from the Lord, one when he asked if he should call down fire from heaven upon the Samaritans, and once when he confessed that he had forbidden the *one* to cast out demons in the name of Jesus.

The cultivation of this christian sympathy is enforced upon us, or we are persuaded to cherish it, by the lovely change it effected in the character of John. Read his gospel—read his epistles, where love breathes, as it were, from every line; consider the tender incidents in his history, how he became the beloved disciple, the privileged to lean his head upon the bosom of his Master at the supper, and that to him Jesus on the cross commended his own mother; and how beautiful the contrast between this picture, and the one presented when the disciples came back to Jesus at Jacob's well, and John with James desired to call down fire from heaven upon the inhospitable Samaritans. Lovely, indeed, is the change!

Sympathy softens all that is harsh in the human character; it refines our passions, it purifies our affections, it makes us partake of the angelic nature, and so opens our way into the hearts of our fellow beings as to admit us to lessen their sorrows by affectionate condolence. Without sympathy, true sensibility, we cannot properly discharge our duties to ourselves, our friends, or the community around us; and its true effect is to add animation and power to every one who labors in the cause of human good.

God hath made us sympathetic beings, and we do violence to our very nature when we set narrow limits to the flowings of our sympathy. And that creeds should not impede or turn the current of our sympathy, is divinely taught us by the revelations of God in our own hearts; for,

'As fire electric, when discharged, will strike
All who receive it, and they feel alike;
So, in the shock of danger and surprise,
Our minds are struck, and mix, and sympathize.'

When we beheld a fellow-being in danger or in suffering, we stop not to think of creeds and sectaries, but nature triumphs and speculations are hushed; the man feels for the man, and from hearts wedded to far different theological doctrines, there emanates one common feeling, and by them one desire is manifested, which is to relieve distress. Here nature speaks, and her admonition should not be neglected; she tells us never to let love of speculative doctrines quench the fire of social love, nor refuse our sympathy to any human being because he followeth not us.

Jesus recognized various folds, and there are sheep of Christ feeding indeed on the herbage of different pastures, but influenced by the same love toward him as exists in the hearts of the devoted in our fold. Wherever we behold one that lives under the guidance of the rules of the Great Teacher, let us regard that one as a true disciple of our Lord, though he followeth not us; that he follows Christ in duty is enough. Whatever there is of good in other sects, let us copy or applaud; whatever they have devised that promises to aid the great work of casting out the demons of sin, let us give our countenance to; and be with them so far as they are with Christ.

ED.

Haverhill, Mass. 1838.



THE WINTER KING.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD,

O! WHAT will become of thee, poor little bird?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black!
They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy back!
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?
And what art thou doing this cold winter day?

'I'm pecking the gum from the old peach tree,
The storm does'nt trouble me—Pee, dee, dee.'

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare!
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like Liberty's form with the spirit of glee,
When no place is near for thine evening rest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no nest?

'Because the same hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves!—Pee, dee, dee.'

But man feels a burden of want and of grief,
While plucking the clusters and binding the sheaf!
We take from the ocean, the earth and the air;
And their rich gifts do not silence our care.
In summer we faint; in the winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.

'A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude!—Pee, dee, dee.'

I thank thee, bright monitor! what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought.
We look at the clouds, while the bird has an eye
To Him who reigns over them changeless and high;
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

'Because, in all weather I'm happy and free,
They call me the WINTER KING!—Pee, dee, dee.'

But soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough
Whereon thou art flitting so merrily now!
And though there's a vesture well fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save them from pain 'mid the frost and the sleet?

'I can draw them right up in my feathers you see!
To warm them, and fly away!—Pee, dee, dee.'



ANTI-CHRISTIAN ARGUMENTS.

Original.

PERHAPS there is nothing more flattering to a young man than a character for independence. We shall not contend against this sentiment; but we will say that many of the original virtues have become diluted, distorted, and diverted from their primitive channel. This, of course, arises from a wrong state of the heart. 'Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.' Those who love the praise of men more than the answer of a good conscience, must feign such virtues as are popular, and when those virtues

are not popular in their purity, they must shape them so as to please the world. Hence many individuals like to be thought independent, merely because the world in general admires independence. But is that independence which leads a man to seek the approbation of men? We should say, no. It is a false and spurious principle no better than the many other self-seeking schemes by which the world's parasites contrive to win the praise of their fellow-men. A reputation for independence may be gained without the possession of one spark of that virtue. But every virtue has its counterfeit.

For examples of genuine independence, I would refer to Enoch, who walked with God while the world was filled with wickedness—to Noah, who remained a righteous man while his fellows scoffed at his piety—to Daniel, who braved the lions' den for the good cause—and to the Apostles, who chose to obey God rather than man. Here we see examples of the virtue of independence in its original purity. These men expected not to win the favor of the world, or the admiration of the multitude by their obedience to God—and there was no *pride* in their independence. They were men of humility, who did not practise godliness for the sake of gaining a reputation for singularity, but because they loved God and his commandments—because they were enamored of virtue. Gladly would they have laid aside their singularity, gladly would they have been in the fashion, for it was their whole aim to make the kingdoms of this world like unto the kingdom of their Father in heaven. They felt that their singularity was a misfortune, and, with many tears, they prayed that all men might become like unto themselves, in everything but in suffering. Was this like the independence of which some men make such a boast in these days? Far from it!

Let us take the independence of the unbeliever for example. Why is it that young men with very limited education, who have neither the ability nor the disposition to examine the subject, are so vain of displaying their scepticism? Is it because they feel compelled by a sense of duty? Is it because they are proud of their superior intellect? It cannot be the latter, as they often make no pretensions to superior knowledge, and it can hardly be the former, because they are often young men who despise their moral duties, and ridicule the scruples of their more conscientious associates. I believe that it is generally an affectation of independence which induces young

men to make a vaunting display of their unbelief. Heaven forbid that I should attempt to shackle the mind. I admire bold freedom of thought and opinion. But it does not appear to be generally perceived that other causes shackle the mind and its free thought besides persecution and disgrace. The freedom of thought may be checked as much by bribes as by threats, as much by a prospect of reward as by a prospect of punishment. The praise of man is a bribe, and a man may curb the honest research of his mind lest he should lose the esteem of the world. The man who cannot be frightened may yet be flattered; and to procure a reputation for independence a person may halt in his examination of any question, when stripes and imprisonment might have failed in staying his inquiries. As Esau sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, so may many a man sell his right of investigation for the applause of his fellows. Those who have not sufficient conscientious independence to forego the admiration of men may investigate a subject until they have reached a desired point, and there stop. It is from this cause that we see so many young men making a profession of unbelief. They would scorn the idea of yielding up their opinions at the command of a despot; but the enemies of a man are of his own household, and they surrender up their freedom of thought at the command of their own vanity.

When the mind is shackled the thought is not free. Whether the shackle be put on by fear or hope, by love or hatred, by pride or meanness, by indifference or fanaticism, it matters not. Hence many who boast of their freedom of opinion, their contempt for prejudice, and the strength of their nerves, are as completely curbed as those who bow to tradition, or tremble at the frown of a spiritual tyrant.

From whatever cause a person may have espoused the side of unbelief, it is necessary that he should be sustained in his position by arguments. Those learned men who have brought abstruse science to bear against christianity, have furnished many ingenious speculations, and while we lament their errors, we must respect their talent and their erudition. But we have a multitude of smaller unbelievers who have caught up the shred of an argument which they suppose to be all-sufficient for the demolition of christianity. They bring it forward on all occasions; and because they have not the patience, the honesty, or the ability to attend to its refutation, imagine that

they have razed the whole system from its foundations! These men appear to go upon the supposition that christianity, to be true, must be unassailable—that, unlike other truths, it must be free from the attacks of error. They do not seem to recollect that the best attested theories in philosophy may be disputed, and that many plausible arguments may be advanced even against self-evident facts themselves.

We once saw a schoolmaster put to the blush in a company of clowns. He had endeavored to convince them that the world was round, and that the feet of our antipodes were exactly opposite to ours. His hearers ridiculed the idea. They said that philosophers were fools; that they knew less, with all their learning, than persons who possessed 'good nat'ral sense;' for that such a theory was contrary to every one's own experience. They said it was well known that no one could stand with his feet uppermost. The teacher endeavored to convince them that a downward direction was neither more nor less than a direction toward the earth, and that while the antipodes were opposite, they were not under us. This explanation only occasioned a fresh burst of laughter. One of the hearers pointed with his finger toward the floor, and said, 'There is a barrel of cider in the cellar. Now that cider is underneath us. Well, the people you tell of are farther down than the cider, for they are as far down as the ground reaches. If their feet are pointed toward ours, their feet are uppermost and their heads are down.' This was deemed conclusive reasoning, and the schoolmaster was laughed to scorn.

I have introduced this anecdote to show that well authenticated truths may be assailed by arguments which may appear conclusive; and when I hear persons declaring that some of the scenes described in the New Testament are contrary to all our experience of facts, I cannot but reflect that the ignorant man whom I have quoted above had the same cause to be satisfied with his opinion of the antipodes and the spherical form of our earth.

Yet it is by such arguments that many take it upon themselves to proselyte in favor of unbelief; and to pronounce upon those mysteries which are hidden in the bosom of the Father. Truly he is the wisest man who is the most sensible of his own ignorance; and he possesses the most freedom of thought whose mind is untrammelled by selfish vanity or by crime.

THE SICK ONE AT CHURCH.

Original.

A JOURNALIST describing a visit to a church in Florence, relates a touching incident thus :—‘A servant brought in his arms a beautiful female, and placed her tenderly on the seat before the clergyman. Her father, whose grey hair and sadness won my sympathy, followed behind, with trembling steps, and assisted to place the sweet sufferer gently on the seat. She might have been his grandchild, for she was not more than seventeen. But the hectic flush upon the pale cheek spoke sadly of a career that was nearly finished; like a rose in winter sheltered by a rich crimson curtain, whose leaves would fall with the first exposure or shock, her spirit needed but a breath to loose it from its delicate casket. And this,’ continues the writer, ‘was one of the spirits to which a lifeless sermon, without either consolation or direction, was given.’

There are such needy souls in every congregation, whose hearts are blighted with grief, and over whose existence has passed a shade which this world’s brightness can never remove. They come, or are borne to the house of God to seek words of comfort like those which came from the lips of gentleness, and grace when Jesus spoke to the broken hearted. But what are they oft-time doomed to hear! Words of bitterness and gloom; words that pierce the ear, that rob the spirit of its little joy, and present to the imagination a vindictive God; and, like the flower, thirsting for ‘the waters of life,’ but is borne down by the rushing storm, they fall. How many sermons called *evangelical* are preached, which can impart not one ray of comfort to such as the Florence sufferer! They nerve themselves to seek the sanctuary of prayer that they may gain strength of heart, and are borne home weaker in body and spirit than they came. Such was the confession of one to me who frequented the church where the echoes of the thunders of Sinai were heard oftener than the sweet strains of gospel peace.

Would that we knew the history of the beautiful Florence sick one! Perhaps she mourned the death of the chosen, early called away, and grief, like the nestling worm in the delicate flower, was stealing away her life. Dark were the visions of her mind as the doubt of ‘meeting again’ crept over her thoughts, and the words of the preacher did but add to that gloom of her soul. Poor maiden, my heart bleeds for thee!

for thou art but the type of many crushed spirits who know not the true Comforter! Would that I might tell thee of him who loved Martha and Mary of Bethany, and breathed the words of life and peace to them most needed by thee, and on his love we would dwell till thine eye wore the brightness of the seraph’s smile when they tune their harps to sing of deathless tenderness and care! Sweet sufferer! perhaps thou art now a seraph thyself, and comest with the breathings of celestial melody in night dreams to earth’s weary ones. Earth’s griefs and pains were but to fit thee for the ministries of celestial love, and teach thee how the mourning ones would need thy care when thou shouldst be an angel visitant to the lower world, to bear in the mysteriousness of the Father’s secret love, comfort, and hope, and peace, to the suffering and bowed down. Such, perchance, as thou art now was the blest spirit that came to the agonized Jesus in the garden, when ‘there appeared an angel unto him, *strengthening him* ;’ and thou comest to the aged father who followed thee to the house of prayer, and thou wilt lead him through death’s dark valley in hope and joy to the better land. Sweet spirit! I would know thee now.

ED.



A FEW ERAS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

A Tale: Yet not a Fiction.

BY REV. D. J. MANDELL.

Original.

CHAPTER V.

In which the reader will consider the writer more benevolent than in the former, this chapter ending better than it begins.

YES! the tiger crouches for a fatal spring upon his prey! Now is the hour of Religion’s jeopardy! Now is the time for her to test the strength of her influence over those who call themselves her friends! Will they be true to her in this extreme emergency, or will they cruelly and wickedly desert her? Will Religion fall, or will she conquer? If she conquers, with what will she overcome her foes? These are questions which are rapidly occurring to the mind of the reader. We will see what answer the event of things warrants.

Inspired with the rankling desire of exterminating her and her followers from the earth, the enemies of religion were not long in arranging

plans for their attack. First came *Tradition*, filled with malice, strong in ire, and, moreover, doubly chagrined and rendered doubly wrathful by the fact that Religion had twice escaped his hands. So furious was his onset, that some of the few followers and defenders of Religion were wounded and slain. But Saul was a powerful barrier against him. He knew all the modes of his warfare, and watched narrowly the avenues of his approach. By his means Tradition was often foiled and driven back. Tradition was like a lion goaded in his own den. Were then the small band who had assembled around Religion so invulnerable. Determined to achieve the victory himself, if possible, he again and again renewed his onset, Idolatry and Philosophy in the meantime being passive spectators of the scene. But here WISDOM was the safeguard of the little flock, and it was with great astonishment that Tradition beheld his own weapons wrested from the hands of his followers, at his instigation, and turned with overwhelming effect upon himself. Lashed almost to a perfect phrenzy at this, he commanded his followers to rush and seize Religion at whatever hazard. They however now began to lose their respect for their leader, and to feel a spirit of co-operation with the assaulted party working within them. In obedience, however, to his commands they rushed to seize Religion, but it was the last time. They, indeed, made out to break through the ranks of those who guarded her, but here their animosity ended. None could see Religion without loving her, and the very fact that her friends were routed was her salvation. They had previously, by crowding closely around her, kept her too much *concealed* from the view of those who assaulted her at the command of Tradition. But now they saw her, *saw her in her divine loveliness*, and the iniquity of those who desired her death, and the hideousness of their character, were rendered doubly disagreeable in the contrast. They turned upon those who would rend her, and, inspired with a just sense of his deserts, pursued Tradition into the ranks of his two supporters, *Idolatry* and *Philosophy*.

Roused by the new and unexpected turn which affairs had taken, these two last perceived that it was high time, if they wished to execute the design with which they entered the Glen of Persecution, to be on the alert. They accordingly moved their forces onward, Idolatry priding himself on the attachment of his troops to him, and

Philosophy boasting that his followers were not so tender-hearted as those of Tradition had proved themselves. But they little knew the power which Religion exercised over the hearts of the most apathetic, nor the ease with which she won herself friends, by a mere exhibition of her graces and by the beauty of her smiles. The number of her friends, however, was now much augmented, and she had not so much to fear from the assaults of her enemies as she had more to defend her.

But onward they came, confident of success, and resolving within themselves plans and purposes of revenge for the defeat with which Tradition had just previously met. Like a sweeping torrent came Idolatry and Philosophy with their respective forces marshalled under their respective banners. But her friends were ready to die for Religion, and stood ready to repel them. But not by force did they contemplate to oppose the enemies of Religion! Wisdom, their never-failing adviser, had proposed to them a plan which from past events he knew must succeed. He commanded them to place Religion in their front, to expose her fully to the view both of the followers of Idolatry and Philosophy. This done he urged them to leave the issue to Providence. And the issue proved that Religion alone was all-sufficient for her own defence; that to be *known* she wanted but to be *seen*, and that *once* seeing even enmity felt itself changing into friendship.

Calmly stood Religion in front of her own—the position which *Wisdom* had assigned her with full assurance of success. Never did she look more beautifully than at that critical juncture; never was her worth more sensibly felt by her friends. A dignity divine in its nature surrounded her, and appeared to gather more importance by her misfortunes. In contrast with the scene around her she appeared the very angel of beauty descended from the skies, not only to show to mankind her own loveliness, but, in contrast with that, to show man *himself* when agitated with the contending passions of his nature.

Again I say, calmly stood Religion in front of her *own*—noble in bearing, beautiful in person, and majestic in mien. Steadily approached her foes, like a darkening thunder cloud, filled with destruction; Idolatry with triumph in his looks, Philosophy with the assurance of his own invulnerability stamped on his bearing, and Tradition creeping mournfully behind, ashamed of his own defeat, and hoping that the success of his coadju-

tors would bury his own misfortune in oblivion. It was not long before they saw the position Religion had assumed, and began to marvel; they even accused her followers of contumacious cowardice in placing her where she would meet the very fury of assault. They even began to harangue their followers on the subject, and to congratulate them on the encouraging prospect of an easy victory, notwithstanding Religion had received so strong a reinforcement from the ranks of Tradition. But the followers of Idolatry and Philosophy were occupied with thoughts which they wot not of. Those of Idolatry were losing that attachment to his person which he had made the subject of his boast; and those of Philosophy were not so invulnerable to beauty and grace as he had imagined. One glance, one appeal from Religion was sufficient to disarm his servants. They had never seen the eloquence of beauty before. Even the children of Idolatry became, as they approached nearer her person, more and more sensible of the graces of Religion, and of the iniquity of attempting her overthrow. They felt a growing sympathy for her situation as they saw her presenting herself, beautiful and dignified in misfortune and danger, before her undaunted followers. And though many who stole in from behind, and had not this opportunity of studying the graces of Religion, commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of her adherents, the mass of those who accompanied Idolatry and Philosophy began to hurry on toward her. Their leaders falsely considered this a signal of their readiness to join with them in her destruction, and cheered them onwards. But Religion and her friends as yet stood strong and unmoved, her beckoning finger and sweetest smiles invited them still on, until finally, no longer able to restrain the feelings with which she had inspired them, the followers of Idolatry and Philosophy, now *their* followers no longer, threw away their weapons of slaughter, and ran impetuously toward her, to the almost utter destruction of their leaders, who were thrown headlong beneath their feet, and trampled on as objects not worth consideration in the torrent-like nature of their flight. Each was eager to throw himself at her feet the first; they ran, they shouted, they prostrated themselves before Religion, who, but a short time before, they were wickedly bent on destroying. Persecuted innocence! how great was thy triumph at that moment! Prostrate chiefs! Idolatry, Philosophy, Tradition, how

have thy boastings fled before the mighty yet mute eloquence of heavenly Religion! Where now is thy pride and vaunted power? Lo! have not thy long tried friends deserted ye? Behold them at the side of her whom ye would fain have destroyed! Remorseless tyrants of human kind, opponents of good and truth, behold your defeat, and be humbled in your fall!

So sung the now victorious friends of Religion, (as Idolatry, Philosophy, and Tradition lay rolling on the ground, biting the dust in their rage and impotence;) and their long and joyful shout found a manifold response in the echoing vaults of the dismal glen in which they were, and which had thus proved the spot of Religion's salvation. With feelings far different from those which agitated her when she entered the glen she resumed her route with the intention of seeking an outlet. Her followers were now increased a thousand fold, and her retinue was quite magnificent; her friends were but rendered more steadfast by past adversity. She had, indeed, lost a few; and, poor creatures! in their sufferings and last moments, they could look with satisfaction and joy on the countenance of her in whose defence they had bled, knowing that they endured in a righteous cause. But where she had lost one friend she had gained thousands. The blood of the martyrs in her cause had proved the seed of her triumph.

About the period when the events last mentioned occurred, or immediately after them, a large procession might have been seen entering a town in the Valley of Human Life, called **WORLDLY PROSPERITY**. In this procession were to be seen a chief number of the *great* who at that time inhabited the valley; also a vast multitude of all orders and classes. All appeared delighted and satisfied. Does the reader ask what was the meaning of this spectacle? I reply that Religion had emerged from the dark and dreary Glen of Persecution, and was about enjoying a season of rest and repose. Idolatry, Philosophy and Tradition had seen themselves forsaken, their adherents being unable to resist the bewitching influence of Religion and to blind themselves to the justness of her cause. These mostly composed the assemblage of people who were now conducting religion into Worldly Prosperity; and their old leaders the enemies of Religion, were now just in time to endure the mortification of seeing her escorted in so magnificent and triumphant a manner within its hospitable gates;

as they had prepared themselves for another attack, and pursued her with the intention of wreaking their vengeance. But the gates of Worldly Prosperity closed upon her, and they were again foiled; and she was conducted to the mansion of Popularity, (thanks to him for affording her even a short respite from her troubles,) and received by him with all affability and politeness. With a brief notice of this individual I will close this chapter.

Popularity was a man of great note in the town of Worldly Prosperity. He was at the head of affairs there, being more respected than any. It is doubtful whether an individual was ever received into good standing in this town, except he first assured himself of the friendship and favor of Popularity. This was illustrated in the case of Religion just referred to. She might have knocked forever at the gates of *Worldly Prosperity*, had not Popularity sanctioned her entrance; but she was escorted into the gates by himself, and thus very general favor was insured to her.



HYMNS

*Sung at the Ordination of Rev. JOSEPH GRAMMAR, as
Pastor of the Universalist Society in Andover, Mass.,
written by the editor for the occasion.*

INTRODUCTORY HYMN.

God of the small and feeble band,
That erst around th' Anointed clung;
God of the truth that through the land
Woke the reviling, slanderous tongue;
Our fathers looked to thee in hope,
Thou wert their stay, and thou their guide,
Blest visions to their eyes did ope,
And o'er them spread thy banner wide.

We look to thee, for thou the same
Art with the children as the sires,
And love is still thy glorious name,
More true than heaven's eternal fires;
The stars may fade, and heaven grow dark,
The sun be blotted from our world,
But none in thee a change can mark,
Though earth were from its centre hurled.

Look down, we plead, and bless us here,
And thy good spirit warm our hearts;
Let mercy shed the pitying tear,
To quench the tempter's fiery darts;
Our weakness nerve, and give us strength
The perils of our path to brave;
And may we reach our home at length,
Through him who triumphed o'er the grave.

ORDINATION HYMN.

O THOU who art the life and strength
Of every human soul,

Who stretcheth forth the arm of love
Round vast creation's whole;
We look to thee in fervent prayer,
For O, without thine aid,
In vain the consecrating hand
On the young brow is laid.

Grant thou thy sacred presence here,
And bless the solemn vow
Of him, thy servant, who in youth,
To thee, O Father, now
Doth pledge his all—all thou may'st give
Of mental power and grace,
Of skill to gain the glorious truth,
By which thy love we trace.

Keep him through life within the path
His Master, Savior trod;
And crown him a successful one
In winning souls to God.
O, may he work while his day lasts,
And find his labor blest;
And when thou callest him from earth,
Grant him the promised rest.

Pour out thy richest blessings here,
On this, thy people, Lord!
Whose ears are open to thy truth,
And hearts to feel thy word.
Give them of love and strength divine,
Their hearts in union bind;
Their lives be dutiful to thee,
And useful to mankind.



THE TRIUMPH.

Original.

BY MISS N. THORNING.

INTEMPERANCE is an evil we have heard spoken against in high places. The holy man of God has laid his hand upon the bible, and with his warning voice has bade his brother man beware; and he has lifted his voice in prayer, that the evil might be far from his loved flock. The statesman and the orator have spoken against it in the halls of learning and of science; and the parent has watched with an anxious eye, lest it should come upon his cherished ones. The gentle wife has lifted her meek heart to heaven, that her husband's steps might shun the path that leads even to destruction's brink; and the lovely maiden, from the inmost recesses of her heart, has breathed a fervent wish that the evil might never fall upon him to whom her young affections were entrusted. But who can tell of the strivings of that heart who finds the evil is upon him, and that intemperance himself is advancing towards him. He sees each bloated feature of the destroyer, marks the unsteady step, the wild and haggard look, and all that is dreadful and loathing in his form, and he strives with the

might of a desperate mind against his influence ; and yet perhaps he fails—perhaps the evil increases upon him until he is fast in the embraces of that monster from which death alone is now able to free him. And thus sinks all the powers of his noble mind, and the bright affections of his heart are forever deadened. Yes, intemperance is an evil which oft has caused the fairest to fade, and the brightest sun to sink before its noon in dreadful darkness! ‘Look not upon the wine when it is red!’ says the wise man. Shun the first advances of the tempter. It is easier to resist temptation *now*, when the heart is free and reason is steady, than when the tempter *has* been yielded to and the cup *has* been tasted, and when, perhaps, judgment is weak and reason totters on her throne. Hard and doubtful will be the struggle then, for the enemy is one who has conquered the strongest, and laid low the pride of the proudest.

The following is a simple and an unvarnished tale, yet if it causes one heart in the fearful career of intemperance to pause and consider the miseries of its onward progress, to consider the hearts that bleed for its fatal error, my time will not be wholly misspent. And may that heart not only pause and consider, but may it turn from the dangerous path, for surely there is a lion in the way.

My narrative commences at the time when the desolating scourge of war had been removed from our land, when the silence of night had ceased to be broken by the wild warwhoop of the Indians, or the march of regular and well disciplined troops. For proud England had learned, slowly but effectually, that Americans were born to be free ; and she had withdrawn her troops from our shores, and Columbia's stripes and stars floated proudly and freely on land and sea. But war leaves in its path sad and breaking hearts, and the hopes of many lie cold and lifeless on the battle field, and burning sighs and bursting tears are a warrior's meed. It was by this war that Mrs. Hamet was left a widow ; her husband had fallen in the cause of freedom, and she, with the true spirit of an American woman and a christian, had bowed in humble submission to the will of Divine Providence. She saw him depart to fight the battles of his country the commander of a brave band of noble men, and a portion of a woman's pride mingled with a wife's devoted love and tenderness, as she caught the last glimpse of their nodding plumes, and heard the last strains of martial music die away on the breeze. But the close of the war left her a wid-

ow with one fair and sunny eyed daughter, just in the bloom of life and beauty, to soothe her heart in his loneliness ; and well was the task fulfilled.

Lucy Hamet was mild and gentle, and her heart would shudder at a tale of blood, and her cheek grow pale as the sound of distant artillery reached her ear. Yet would her eye flash proudly when she heard of the triumph of the Americans, and her young heart rejoice as she heard of the efforts making for their freedom. The day that saw her father and his chosen band depart, was to her a day of mingled joy and sorrow ; she had that morning presented her country's flag to the young, the handsome Henry Templeton, and proudly and triumphantly was that flag borne through many a field of death.

But, with the permission of the reader, we will now pass silently over a few years. Time in those years had wrought its customary changes on all. The dark tresses of Mrs. Hamet were changed to gray, and yet not time alone had wrought the change. Sorrow had done its part in planting the furrows on the brow, and the paleness of the cheek and the dimmed lustre of the eye, had been caused as much by grief as time. It was a calm evening in summer that she was sitting by an open window in her neat and comfortable parlor. The flowers of summer were blooming in their beauty and loveliness round the door of her cottage, and their sweet fragrance filled the room in which she was sitting. She appeared sad and dejected, and her eyes were fixed upon a picture which hung in the room. This picture represented a tall and finely formed soldier in the American uniform, and standing by his side, was a lovely though not very young woman. The two appeared to be in earnest conversation, while, at a little distance from them, and apparently, listening with intense eagerness, stood a fair and beautiful girl, in the bloom and freshness of youth ; she stood in the attitude of fixed attention,

‘With head thrown back, and lips apart,
Fit monument of Grecian art.’

There was something in this picture which recalled past scenes to the mind of Mrs. Hamet. There stood her husband as he stood the morn of his departure, and there, too, stood Lucy, her gentle daughter, her whole soul absorbed in the passing scene, her countenance glowing with youthful beauty and loveliness. On a low seat by the side of Mrs. Hamet, sat a fair creature

who looked as if she might be the original of the bright one in the picture. There was the same sweet expression about the dimpled mouth, the same finely arched eye-brows, and the same soft hazel eye. But the eyes were filled with tears, and raised to the face of Mrs. Hamet. This fair creature was Henrietta Templeton, the grandchild of Mrs. Hamet, and the daughter of the gentle Lucy. Henrietta had been listening to her mother's story, till her heart was filled with sorrow, and her eyes with the soft tears of filial affection. Sad was that mother's tale, although the morning of her days had appeared bright and promising.

Soon after the close of that war which had deprived her of the guidance of a fond father, she was united by marriage to Henry Templeton. Well would it have been for Lucy if, on the morning she gave the flag of freedom to his hands, she had entrusted nought else to his keeping; but her heart was also given. Yet all might still have been well had Henry been as faithful to the latter charge as to the former. We do not say that he loved not his gentle wife, for we should do injustice to his noble heart. But there was *one* blot upon his character which, like a fell disease, increased until the whole system was affected, and a cure rendered utterly hopeless.

It is mournful to mark the effects of vice upon the hearts we love, and Lucy was obliged to do this. She saw that all too often the cup was raised to his lips, and she saw, too, that all her remonstrances were vain to avert the ruin of body and mind. The draught which at first was tasted only in the hour of mirth, was now too often resorted to; and though the resolve was often made that the glass should pass untasted by, still it was as often broken. There are sorrows that are worse than even the sad parting which death occasions among friends—the sorrow which preys upon the heart, telling of bright hopes blighted by the mildew of disappointment. And it was such sorrow that preyed upon the young heart of Lucy Templeton as she saw that Henry had fallen from his station in society and was now a miserable, a degraded being. Those who had bowed before the power of a noble mind, those who had praised and flattered ere the fatal vice overpowered him, now pointed him out to the gazer as one who had yielded and fell a victim to temptation. And then came the cold smile of ridicule and contempt. O, it is hard to see

one whom we have loved an object of ridicule! to behold one whom we have trusted and confided in, one to whom we have looked for guidance and direction, fallen from his natural place among men! to see those who once loved and respected him, now curl the lip with scorn, and point the finger of ridicule at him as one who had failed to restrain his own passions, but who had yielded to temptation almost unresistingly. And perhaps some more feeling mind would look on with a pitying eye; but what is pity to one who has been used to commanding esteem and admiration?

But we need not dwell long upon the sad picture. We need not tell how Henry strove but strove in vain to avoid the path of vice; nor need we tell how, one by one, each bright hope of his reformation faded from the heart of his sorrowing wife; nor how she bore up against sorrow and poverty, still devoted and kind to him in whose heart each bright affection, and each fount of noble and generous feeling, seemed forever deadened. But Lucy's health fell a victim to sorrow; and in hours of watching and of weariness, when she sat holding her infant to her aching heart or gazing upon its slumbers, she would think of past days and of their brightness, and in contrast with this, the dark and dismal future would present itself before her. And when sometimes her husband was free from the influence of the deadly poison, when his tones of kindness again met her ear, and his natural look met hers, it was a transient gleam which served but to render the surrounding darkness and misery still more apparent. At length consumption came; and her husband failing to provide for her a suitable home, she again sought the home of her infancy, which gave a sad welcome to herself and her little Henrietta. But not long did she live to need a mother's care, for the meek spirit which had borne the rough winds of adversity without a murmur, soon sought a home in heaven, far from storm or cloud. She left to her mother's charge her blooming cherub, whose every look and tone served to remind her of her lost Lucy.

This sad story Mrs. Hamet had just been communicating to Henrietta, but of her father's fate she could tell her nothing. Whether he had fallen a victim to intemperance, and had died without one friend to soothe or one heart to bless; whether he now slept in some obscure grave, unknown and forgotten; or whether he still walked the earth, reviled by some, pitied by others, but unknown to those who would have loved him de-

graded as he was ; all, of late, was wrapt in obscurity, and Mrs. Hamet had almost ceased to think of him as among the living, and looking upon Henrietta as an orphan intrusted to her care by the last words of a dying mother, she was united to her by all the ties of affection and duty. Henrietta was happy in her quiet home, and though sometimes a sigh would rise to the memory of her mother's sorrows, yet her heart was buoyant and light, and her sorrow was like that caused by the recital of a sad and mournful tale. Her days sped by on golden wings, and all the bright hopes which cluster round the heart of a young girl of eighteen were hers.

'One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride, the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame ;
O, need I tell that passion's name ?'

There were many to praise and flatter Henrietta, yet none could boast of so many kind smiles and so many sweet looks of approbation from her soft eye as Raimond Harlow.

Raimond Harlow had not all won the heart of Henrietta by the attention of his manner, or the mere beauty of his person. He had a mind whose qualities were rich and varied, and it was this high and noble mind that had won much of her heart. But Raimond had enemies, and powerful ones too ; there were some who envied him his distinction, and some, too, who envied him the love of Henrietta Templeton. Strange reports were now abroad concerning Raimond Harlow ; these reports were spread by his enemies, but even enemies sometimes speak the truth. They were not long in reaching the ears of Henrietta ; at first she gave no heed to them, but at last conviction forced itself upon her, and she was obliged to believe even against her own will, that Raimond Harlow was standing on the verge of that gulf which had proved the ruin of her father ; and she trembled as she thought on her mother's sad fate and blighted hopes.

Early one evening she was taking her accustomed walk, and meditating upon the course she should pursue ; for she was that evening to give Raimond his final answer. She had consulted her grandmother upon the subject, and she had merely said, 'Think of your mother's fate, Henrietta ; her prospects were as bright as yours, and how were they destroyed by the very means by which yours are threatened should you marry Raimond Harlow. Think of her fate, my child, and then decide for yourself.' And Henrietta

had thought, and she had chosen this calm sunset hour for further meditation. She seated herself on a rough seat beneath a beautiful and wide-spreading elm. Suddenly she was started by the sound of footsteps near her, and looking round she beheld a man whose whole appearance filled her with terror. His dress was singular, his countenance wild and haggard, his eyes red and swollen, and he looked like one who had drained the cup of intoxication to the very dregs. He approached Henrietta, and, as he spoke, the tones of his voice sounded hollow and sepulchral. 'Henrietta Templeton,' said he, 'if you would avoid the utter destruction of your earthly happiness, wed not Raimond Harlow ; and, as you would shun your mother's fate, accept not his hand. Look upon me, and behold what he will be if he pursues his present course. I was once as gifted as himself, my hopes were as high, my prospects as bright ; but the same temptation which is now trying him came upon me, and I fell—and he, too, may fall ! If he should, his fate will be like mine : he will see friends forsake him, and he will meet with words of ridicule and contempt at every turn. And what will be your fate ? Listen to me ; I once loved a being fair as yourself and she became mine, but I destroyed her happiness, and now she sleeps in peace beneath the cold sod ! I loved and adored her even while I was fast hastening her to the grave. Then promise never to wed Raimond Harlow, at least till he has conquered this one vice. Why do you hesitate ? But you think I am a stranger ; but, stranger as I am, I am your father ! I do not wonder that you start and turn pale ; yes, I am your miserable, your degraded father ! then listen to me, for I speak from sad and bitter experience. Say, will you promise never to wed Raimond Harlow until he has proved that he can resist temptation ?'

Henrietta shuddered as she gazed upon the features of her father, and heard his warning voice. This was a singular meeting between a father and a daughter—a daughter young and lovely, and attached to a noble, generous heart, with but one failure ; a father who had appeared as suddenly as one from the grave, a father miserable and degraded, standing by the side of that lovely girl and warning her against uniting her fate to one who was in danger of yielding to the same temptation which had conquered him. The act was the last faint glimpse of all the affection, and of all the noble and generous feeling, which

had once filled and animated that heart. There still lived within his breast this *one* feeling, the feeling of affection for his child, all others had died; every other tie which had bound him to the earth was broken, and this was but dreamlike, visionary, and called forth only by a sense of danger proceeding from the source of which he so well knew the misery. Yes, well he knew the deep, the bitter agony attending that path, the agony to himself and to each heart bound to his. Henrietta's heart trembled; this, then, was her father; could he have been the noble, the gifted Henry Templeton to whom her mother had given her heart? Could that wild eye have ever shone with the soft light of love and affection, or have beamed with the glow of genius and a noble mind? And could Raimond Harlow ever be transformed into a being like the one before her? Her heart answered, yes! even Raimond might sink, notwithstanding his energy of soul. She felt that she stood on dangerous ground; love, the strong affection of her heart, urged her to follow Raimond's destiny, be it what it might; while duty and her father's words urged her to a different step, while, in imagination, she saw her mother's pale face and wasted form, and heard her mournful accents entreating her to give the desired promise—and she did give it! Her father departed, and she sought her home, and, that evening, Raimond Harlow heard his destiny, but blamed her not. 'It is well,' said he; 'if I cannot resist temptation, it is well that I should involve no fond and loving heart in my ruin; but, if I do triumph, she may yet be mine.'

But it is time that we should account for the sudden appearance of Henrietta's father. He had wandered far since the death of his wife, but had lately returned to the scenes of his happy days. It was not difficult to avoid the notice of those whom he wished not to know. None recognized him, none gave him a welcome; some thought him dead, others had forgotten that such a being had ever existed. But he found, from report, that his Henrietta's heart was given to Raimond Harlow, and he also heard of this one failure of Raimond's; and wishing to avert the ruin from the child which he had brought upon the mother, he determined to warn her of her danger, which he did in the manner just related. But Mr. Templeton did not long survive the return to his native town, for a sickness, brought on by his course of life, soon ended his mortal career; and he who could have shone a bright

example among men, died almost an outcast from society, and but two faithful hearts wept over his mournful fate.

A year and a half had now passed, and Henrietta had not regretted the promise she had given her father. Raimond Harlow now stood high in the ranks of great and noble men, for he had conquered, nobly conquered, and Henrietta might yet be his. But temptation had assailed him in many and various forms, and at all times. It had come in the hour of sorrow, when his heart was heavy and his spirits depressed; in the hour of mirth, when the wine cup flowed and the song and dance went round; and it had come, too, in the tone of derision with which some spake of his resolution. But still he went on; one bright star cheered his way on the sea of trial and temptation, one reward was held out to him if he conquered, dearer than the laurel wreath of fame which already encircled his brows, and dearer far than all the praise which was ever sounding in his ears. He had marked Henrietta in scenes of festivity and mirth, and he saw that still now as ever her eye sought his when others praised; and he knew full well that within her heart there beamed for him that unalterable love which can outlive separation, sorrow and even cold neglect; and thus hoping for happy days he again sought her he loved, and again 'poured forth his tender tale,' and offered again his unchanged heart. And need we say that that heart was accepted, and that ere long Henrietta Templeton was known as Henrietta Harlow?

Charlestown, Mass. Oct. 1838.



THE TRUE VINE. NO. I.

Original.

'I am the true vine.' JOHN XV. 1.

VARIOUS are the emblems employed by the Savior of man to set forth the glory and beauty of his doctrine. In one instance he plucked the sun from the heavens, and presented it as an illustration of his doctrine. As that imparts light and heat to the earth, so christianity was designed to be the light of the world, and to warm every soul into virtue and truth. On another occasion, having fed several thousands, he took occasion to remind the crowds that followed him, of that 'bread that came down from heaven to give life unto the world.' Jesus would stand at the gushing fountain, and then direct the multitude to that

living fountain of truth which was opened in him to supply a perishing world.

So we might proceed in pointing out the various emblems drawn by the Son of man from nature, to illustrate and enforce the truths which he brought from heaven. But we must forbear ; for the leading object in view is to notice the beauty and excellency of the comparison in the passage placed at the head of these remarks. Jesus here compares himself to a vine, one of the most interesting objects in the whole vegetable kingdom. Who has not admired the vine with its extended branches, and its rich, living clusters of fruit ? In the wildness and luxuriancy of nature, it is seen stretching its way over the hills and valleys, and covering the rocks with its verdure. When assisted by the skilful hand of the culturist, it will climb its way over the humblest dwelling, or cover with its luxuriant growth the arbors of the rich.

Palestine presented everywhere to the traveler her vine-clad hills. 'It was a field which the Lord had blessed—God gave it of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine.' Hence the numerous references by the prophets and by Jehovah himself, to her vineyards.

Some writers have suggested that the passage on which we are commenting, originated in consequence of a visit paid by Jesus and his disciples to the temple. There was a vine reared by art, composed of gold and precious jewels. It is thus described by Calmet : 'In the temple at Jerusalem, above and around the gate, seventy cubits high, which led from the porch to the holy place, a richly covered vine was extended as a border and decoration. The branches, tendrils and leaves, were made of the finest gold ; the stalks of the bunches were of the length of the human form, and the bunches hanging upon them were of costly jewels. Herod first placed it there ; rich and patriotic Jews from time to time added to its embellishment, one contributing a new grape, another a leaf, a third, even a bunch of the same precious materials. If to compute its value at more than \$12,000,000, be an exaggeration, it is nevertheless indisputable, that this vine must have had an uncommon importance and a sacred meaning in the eyes of the Jews. With what majestic splendor must it likewise have appeared in the evening, when it was illuminated by tapers !' After the above luminous description, the commentator proceeds to draw

his inferences : 'If, then, Jesus, in the evening, after having celebrated the passover, again betook himself to the temple with his disciples, what is more natural than as they wandered in it to and fro, that above everything this vine blazing with gold and jewels, should have attracted their attention ? That, riveted by the gorgeous magnificence of the sight, they were absorbed in wonder and contemplation respecting the real import of this work of art ? Let us now conceive that Jesus at *this* moment, referring to *this* vine, said to his disciples, "I am *the true vine*"—how correct and striking must his words have *then* appeared !—how clearly and determinately must *then* the import of them have been seen !'

The application of these remarks to Jesus, as the true vine, will form the theme of our next article.

C. S.



PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

Original.

MUCH evil has been experienced in consequence of parental partiality ; it is one of the most fruitful sources of family discord and misery. If the preference were always rendered to that child who, by an obedient disposition, a grateful heart, a mild and pleasant temper, and uniformly virtuous conduct, best deserved it, there would be an excuse if not a justification for the parents. But such is not generally the case. Very frequently the most froward, if not indeed the most vicious, is selected as the object of special favor. Perhaps the child is the eldest, or the youngest, or reputed the most beautiful in the family. And although this has no connection with true loveliness, such a one becomes the almost exclusive object of parental favor.

An instance of such causeless and improper partiality is recorded by the sacred historian. 'Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age ; and he made him a coat of many colors.' Gen. xxxvii. 3. There is no evidence, to be sure, that Joseph was a vicious, disobedient child, or in any respect unworthy of his father's love ; nor is there any evidence that, up to this time, he had manifested any extraordinary ability or virtue which should entitle him to an undue proportion of it. No reason is given by the historian why, at the age of seventeen years, Joseph so completely en-

grossed his father's love, except that 'he was the son of his old age.'

This is not a solitary case of the kind; many of similar character have been witnessed. But wherever such partiality exists, it is almost invariably attended by the most disagreeable and melancholy consequences. It was so in the case already referred to. A glance at the subsequent history of this family will plainly exhibit the disastrous results of parental partiality. The evil is manifold. It extends to all the branches of the family, and occasions general distress.

1. It makes the other children unhappy. When they perceive that their virtues are overlooked and their faults magnified, their affection unrequited and their efforts to please unsuccessful, it is not wonderful that their hearts should be grieved. And it need occasion no surprise in this state of vanity, that such slighted children should cherish feelings of envy and ill-will towards the favored one, if not of resentment towards the parent. When they see one whom they consider no more entitled to favor than themselves engrossing it all, it is natural that they should feel unpleasantly towards him. They regard him as a cloud between them and the sunshine of their father's love; and their dislike oftentimes increases until it becomes absolute hatred.

Such we find to have been the fact in Jacob's family. In the verse succeeding that which I before quoted, it is written that 'when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.' Jacob not only had this peculiar fondness for Joseph, but he had not the prudence to conceal it from his other children. He distinguished him by giving him a coat of many colors—then regarded as a badge of honor. The consequence was precisely what he ought to have anticipated; for he already had sufficient evidence that his sons were men of strong passions, easily excited, and not under the influence of restraining grace. When Joseph imprudently intimated his superiority to his brethren, and, by relating his dreams, hinted the probability that he might reign over them, 'they hated him the more for his dreams and for his words.' They conspired to kill him; whether through fear that they should be made subject to him, or through spite to him or their father, does not distinctly appear. They afterwards, however, changed their purpose, and sold him to a company of Ish-

maelites; and they, in their turn, sold him into Egypt, where he became a slave.

This was an act of gross wickedness; yet it naturally resulted from the causes which I have mentioned. These sons of Jacob were goaded on by the partiality of their father, and the consequent imprudence of their brother, until they filled the cup of their iniquity. Bitter were the consequences of this transgression before they were reconciled to their brother. And thus was the improper partiality of Jacob productive of misery to the members of his family who were neglected, or not so highly favored as Joseph.

2. But parental partiality is also productive of evil to the favored individual himself. Such a one must very soon understand that his brethren feel unpleasantly, and that there is not, as there should be, a perfect confidence and community of affection between them. It was so in the case under consideration. The brethren of Joseph could not speak peaceably to him. They stood aloof, not feeling the warm and brotherly affection which enables brethren to dwell together in unity. He, therefore, lost all that happiness which might have been produced by a friendly interchange of good offices and good feelings. And though he might rejoice in the consciousness of his father's love, he must have experienced a very considerable drawback from the consideration that his brethren hated him.

But hatred does not always stop short of actual violence. An attempt was made to kill this object of parental fondness, which would, probably have been executed had not the Ishmaelites providentially made their appearance. As it was, Joseph endured slavery and imprisonment for a considerable time before he was taken into favor and promoted to offices of honor and responsibility. And it should not be forgotten that these sufferings were partly the fruit of his own imprudence in consequence of his father's partiality. It is very natural that a child thus preferred and pampered should assume superiority over others; and it is just as natural that others should be offended at such assumptions, and endeavor to mortify, and degrade, and perhaps injure, him who is thus arrogant.

3. Parental partiality is productive of misery to the parent himself. The almost unavoidable consequence of it is, to promote a spirit of discord, and confusion, and contention, among his children. If any man would preserve peace in his own household, let him be impartial in his love, and in the

distribution of his favors. And if, through the infirmity of human nature, he feels a strong preference for one of the number,—as he values their peace, as he values his own happiness, let him conceal it from them. Let no one know it but his God, who is compassionate to our infirmities. I now speak of that kind of preference which I have been describing. Of course it is proper that children should understand that love and obedience are more acceptable in their parents' sight, than hatred and rebellion. A preference thus founded and exhibited, will injure no one, if it be connected with pure love towards all, and an earnest desire to make them happy by making them virtuous. But in the case of Jacob, the partiality appears to have rested on the mere circumstance that Joseph was a child of his old age,—a frivolous circumstance altogether. And most bitterly did the patriarch suffer in consequence of it. Not only was his heart pained to witness the heart-burnings and contentions which existed among his children, but when the coat of his favorite son was brought to him, stained as he supposed with his blood, the old man's heart was nearly broken. In the extremity of his grief he exclaimed: 'I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning.'

Such are a few of the evils resulting from parental partiality. Let us who have the charge of children, be admonished to avoid this rock on which the happiness of so many families has been wrecked. We find nothing like this in the dealings of God with his children. His loving kindness extends to all his offspring. He blesses them all here, and has promised to bless all hereafter. Let us imitate him so far as we may by loving all our children, and striving to make them happy.

I was much pleased when I first read the following story, which well illustrates the impartial love which all parents should cherish. It runneth thus: 'In the year 1697, a body of Indians attacked the town of Haverhill, Mass., and killed and carried into captivity forty inhabitants. A portion of the Indians approached the house of an individual who was abroad at his labor, but who, on their approach, hastened to the house, sent his children out, and ordered them to fly in a course opposite to that in which danger was approaching. He then mounted his horse, and determined to snatch up the child with which he was most unwilling to part, when he should overtake the little flock. When he came up to them,

about two hundred yards from his house, he was unable to make a choice, or to leave any one of the number. He therefore determined to take his lot with them, and defend them from their murderers, or die by their side. A body of the Indians pursued, and came up with him; and when at a short distance fired on him and his little company. He returned the fire, and retreated alternately; still, however, keeping a resolute face to the enemy, and so effectually sheltered his charge, that he finally lodged them all safe in a distant house.'

There was no undue partiality in the heart of that father. Seeing all his children in peril, and attempting to select the one which he loved best, he could not do it. He loved them all, from the eldest to the youngest, from the comeliest to the plainest; all had an equal share in his affection, and he was ready to hazard his life, yea to sacrifice it, in their defence, rather than leave a single one to perish. Further comment is unnecessary.

L. R. P.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

THE LAST OF AN ANCIENT BUT DECAYED FAMILY.

Original.

SHE was the last lone remnant of a race,
That once was powerful; whose waving banners
Had floated free in heaven's clear sunlight;
Their seats had been in noble, courtly halls,
Which oft had echoed to the martial clang,
And heavy step of armed and valiant warriors;
And at their feasts the wine cup circled round,
And ladies fair, had decked the lordly hall,
Moving with queen-like grace. But this had passed.
Those banners waved no more o'er warlike men,
And to the bugle's call no footsteps came;
But all was hushed—and she alone was left
The last descendant of a noble race.
Alone she stood—a lovely, fragile flower,
Where kindred flowers had died; and in her heart
The brightest hopes which cluster round life's dawn,
Had faded like the race from whence she sprung.
Oh she was passing fair,—but yet not gay;
The glow which mantles on the cheek of youth,
Revealer of each passing thought, had fled,
And all too pale, and statue like that brow,
Where each blue vein was too distinctly marked.
A deep, deep shade of sadness and of gloom,
Was thrown o'er that young heart, and as her form
Bent forward in its youthful earnestness,
From her dark, beauteous eye there seem'd to beam
The spirit which has power to scan the path
Which lies before it, threatening though it be.
The light of prophecy was in that eye,
And from her inmost heart its deep words came;—
'Our fathers sinned, and for that dreadful sin
A curse is resting on us, each bright hope
Which seems to gild with joy our future path,
And all that seems to promise happiness,
Sinks, fades away before our eager grasp;

Or by its phantom light still leads us on,
Through pain and peril, to destruction's brink,—
Then sinks the light—and the dark curse is ours !
Oh 'tis a dreadful doom, the curse of sin,
Which long has hung upon our fated race ;
Sure and unerring is the fatal curse.
Oft it has fallen on the young, bright heart,
And gladness fled,—sorrow was on the brow
Prophetic of a darker doom ; the blight
Of disappointment gathered round that heart,
Which fell the victim for a father's sin.
Oft has that curse arrested youth's career,
And while the blood rushed joyous through his veins,
While every hope was high, and each nerve strained,
His hand stretched forth to grasp the expected prize,
It came,—e'en like a thunderbolt from heaven !
The prize was gone, his hand struck powerless down,
His every hope was crushed, and his bright blood
Went curdling back upon his blighted heart !
And like to youth, the heart of manhood fell,
The haughty brow was tamed, the spirit quelled,
And the dark curse had done its work full well.
And then, it came upon the hoary head
Of him, whose days were three-score years and ten,
Whose weary race in life was almost run,
And in whose veins the crimson tide of life
Ebb'd slowly ; his brow was deeply furrowed,
And the keen frost of age had touched his heart.
The light of a once noble, powerful mind
Shone dimly forth, a feeble, sickly flame :
But the curse fell, fell e'en on that old man,
Whose feet were standing on the grave's dark verge ;
It fell, and as if fearing it might lose
Its victim, hastened on to outstrip death.
And e'en the feeble hope, the only stay
Of that old man was crushed, and his gray hairs
Went down in sorrow to the grave. And this,
This curse has followed us from age to age,
Its grasp has been on father and on son,
And on myself must fall its last dread blow ;
And not until this form is laid in dust,
Will the sin be atoned, the curse made void.
She ceased,—and from her eye no tear-drop came,
But one, one heavy sigh rose from her heart,
A heart as good and pure as ever beat
Within a human breast ; but yet its fate
Was dark and sad, for that fair maiden's days
Were past within a cloister's dreaded gloom,
And she whose steps had been in courtly halls,
Before whose shrine proud, manly hearts had bowed,
Breathed her last prayer within a cloister's walls.

N. T.

Charlestown, Mass.



MIRACLES.

Original.

THERE is nothing which has more attracted the attention of unbelievers than miracles. Through them have proceeded many of their most ingenious attacks upon christianity. Indeed, I have seen persons professing a fervent belief in Jesus Christ and his doctrines, who, nevertheless, acknowledged that the miracles recorded in the New Testament were too much for their credulity. Some explained them away by endeavoring to point out a spiritual meaning ; while others asserted that we

must make many allowances for the strong figures of speech in the oriental style of writing. But we are not authorized in terming everything an allegory which has not received the sanction of our own experience. In this manner we may go on discrediting every fact recorded in the evangelists, until we doubt the existence of the Savior himself.

Unbelievers, however, understand the account of miracles in the New Testament as a professed statement of facts which actually transpired ; and as such they attack them, and think they have succeeded in proving the impossibility of their accomplishment. They tell us to show them a miracle and they will believe. They might, with the same propriety tell us to show them Julius Cæsar, and they will believe he existed. We do not pretend that miracles are performed now—but that they were performed in the days of Jesus and his apostles. The purpose for which they were performed has been answered, and a duplicate is not required. What should we think of the man who proposed a second convention of delegates at Philadelphia to sign a Declaration of Independence. That work has already been done by the stern patriots of the Revolution, and requires not to be done again. What should we think of the man who should require a second creation of the world, before he would believe that it had ever been created ? It has been created, and cannot be formed anew unless it is first destroyed. Persons who are forever talking of the fixed laws of nature would have a miracle performed for the satisfaction of every man, and declare they will not believe that miracles were ever performed, unless they can see one. They would have miracles so common as to become identified with the laws of nature—for every cause and every effect which we see, proclaims the power of God as conclusively as a miracle would do.

The sceptic says he will not believe in miracles because they are not in accordance with his experience. Neither was the overthrow of Jerusalem, the death of Alexander, or the martyrdom of Socrates, in accordance with his experience. The Nile overflowing its banks, the ostrich leaving her eggs in the sand, the East Indian widow burning herself on her husband's funeral pile—all these may not be in accordance with his experience. If the miracles of the New Testament had been in accordance with the experience of the world, they would not have an-

answered the end for which they were designed. But do we insist upon seeing one performed in order that we may believe in those which have been wrought, then may every man make the same demand; and miracles will become so common that there will be nothing remarkable in their occurrence. If we had never seen a man ascend in a balloon, we might call it a miracle when such a sight was, for the first time, presented to our vision. And so it would be a miracle; and so is the rising of the sun a miracle, and the blossoming of the trees, seed time and harvest—all are as much the palpable work of God as raising the dead or healing diseases. If the resurrection of the dead, healing of the blind, and transforming water into wine, should be frequently exhibited among us, we should cease to regard them as marks of the Creator's power; and should begin to look around for the natural cause of all these things. To say that a miracle is not in accordance with our experience, is merely to say that a thing happened before we were born, and which is not likely to happen again during our lives. Those things which are extremely rare seem like miracles, because we are not in the habit of seeing them and tracing them directly up to natural causes; but we are infidels, indeed, if we do not see a God employed throughout the universe. There is no need of miracles to convince us of his existence.

But the sceptic objects to miracles because the scene of them is laid afar off, and because they are said to have been performed in distant ages. He says that nearly two thousand years have elapsed since the miracles of Jesus were performed—that ancient things become venerable, and we feel a respect and an awe for them which modern events and usages cannot inspire. It will be said that even ancient castles, and ancient houses are made the scene of witchcraft and marvellous adventures—that it is only the distant date of miracles which saves them from ridicule—that if a man were to go about our streets pretending to work miracles, he would be shut up in prison, or confined in a mad-house; while so many ages have passed away since Jesus and his apostles were upon the earth, that we are blinded by our reverence for antiquity, and devoutly believe stories which, if coined in these days, would excite nothing but our ridicule. This argument might be well calculated to mislead the mind, if we had a bare account of the miracles—if they were presented to our minds without the

concurrent testimony of sacred and profane writers who lived at the time, and near the time, in which those miracles are said to have been performed. But the whole argument is overthrown when we find those miracles obtaining universal credence among the people who lived in the very age in which they are said to have been wrought. In their case, it could not have arisen from a blind reverence for antiquity; they could not have believed in those mighty works because seen through the dim vista of ages. The bitterest enemies of christianity pretended not to disprove those miracles; although it was objected that they were performed by the power of demons. But that would not have rendered them less miraculous. As they deny not that the dead were raised, the blind restored to sight, the lame healed, and the deaf cured, they deny not the miracles. Yet those persons of whom I speak lived in the age, and immediately succeeding the age, in which those miracles were wrought. Veneration for antiquity had no influence over their minds. If we were to learn that in an adjoining town a man who had been cut in two by a rail-road car, had been miraculously restored to perfect health and soundness, we should seek for abundant proof of the fact before we would believe it; yet such proof had the enemies of christianity or they would have made the world ring with their denunciations of the impostors. Yet the accident and the miraculous cure of which I have spoken would have been no more modern events with us, than were the miracles of the Savior with the thousands who pretended not to dispute the reality of their performance. Hence the objection founded on the remoteness of the period falls to the ground. It is utterly refuted. The contemporaries of the primitive christians acknowledged those wonderful miracles; and when peculiarly desirous of counteracting their influence upon the public mind, were driven to the pitiful resort of attributing them to infernal agency. If those miracles had been disbelieved by the nations who then existed, and after having been scouted for eighteen centuries as foolish fables, had then been revived in our day, and embraced as truths by a modern sect, the plea of antiquity might have had some force; but the farther back we go, the more unshaken do we find the belief in miracles; and the very fact that the Romish church, at a subsequent period, endeavored to impose upon the ignorant by false miracles proves that a firm belief in the true ones existed. Peo-

ple do not counterfeit a thing which mankind hold in contempt. A man makes a counterfeit coin because the real gold or silver is held in high esteem. So much for the argument respecting the antiquity of miracles. BETHA.



ADVANTAGE OF VIRTUE'S WEALTH.

Original.

IT is unquestionable that there are many things in which even the poor man is rich—rich in possessions which are of more importance, and more to be valued than 'silver and gold, or all that this world can afford.' Possessions of this kind may in truth be called wealth. Virtue's prize is the richest of all. The happy possessor of this has the 'pearl of great price;' for in order to be truly virtuous, he must be truly religious. And such riches have the advantage over all other.

Wealth in a temporal point of view is liable to be swept from our grasp by the tempests of earth, or devoured by the elements of nature. To-day, the gently breezing gales of heaven may be wafting the treasures of the East across the 'world of waters;' to-morrow, the tempest gathers, thickens, rages, and our wealth is buried 'neath old ocean's heaving tide'! To-day, our shops and warehouses are groaning under the weight of their merchandise and wealth, and our faces gladdened by the busy traffic of the customer; to-morrow, the mighty river, let loose in its vengeance to pour forth the fury of its pent up waters, will tell the tale of its devastation! and the devouring element, whose curling flame is still ascending to the heavens in maddening haste to reach a density like its own, can relate the story of its ruined thousands! Our earthly goods, then where are they? *Gone!*—as all perishable things must, sooner or later.

But virtue's wealth has no wings. The elements have no power to dispossess us of such riches. They are based upon a rock, and in vain do the winds and the waves beat upon them. The fires of evil men may endeavor to destroy them; but like gold tried in the furnace, the dross only will be devoured.

Virtue's riches have another advantage over all others. The possessor is incapable of doing injury with them. He may increase his store and fill his garners, and no one will be harmed by it. He may heap up such treasures mountain high, and no danger is to be apprehended from the amassment. But we cannot say of tem-

poral riches, that their accumulation is unattended by danger. Monopoly in this respect is the destruction of liberty, and tends to distress those who are 'poor in gear.' Whereas, in the other case, no monopoly can exist. The more virtue a man has, the more anxious will he be that his neighbors also possess the same treasure. But who can point to an instance, where a man, rich in temporal things, used his whole might to make others also rich? Such instances are indeed rare. Yet it is the legitimate effect of virtue to enrich others. The person who possesses it, feels himself blessed, and his heart wishes the same blessing to rest upon all his race.

Besides, temporal riches may be, and often are devoted to the very worst of purposes. The mercenary wretch is influenced by them in his deeds of darkness, the treacherous soul is brought to bow to the shrine of 'gold and silver,' the robber's midnight prow is lengthened by the hope of gain, and the assassin's dagger is whetted to a keener edge, by the anticipation of a golden spoil. So prominent is this effect, that an apostle was led to say, 'the love of money is the root of all evil.'

But who ever heard of the love of *virtue* being the root of *any* evil? Virtue is the root of good, and wherever this is possessed, its influence is for good. And although many an individual may in truth say, 'Silver and gold have I none,' still they may be rich in possessions which are worth more than all of India's treasures.

To be virtuous costs us nothing but an effort. To be religious only enhances the value of virtue; gives a brighter lustre to our moral natures; and sheds a halo of glory around noble deeds of charity, and pours a brilliancy over duties done.

J. A. A.

Leyden, N. Y. Oct. 1838.



CHARITY.

Original.

THERE are many different views entertained about charity, and the sort of conduct necessary to constitute that virtue. The charity of the gospel—that which is so highly spoken of by the apostles is undoubtedly something different from that which goes by the name of charity among the people of the world in modern times. The charity which 'covers a multitude of sins,' and without which offerings and sacrifices are vain, is undoubtedly a spirit of universal love, or good will to men of

every rank, age, character, clime and denomination. This charity is the fulfilment of the law, as it instructs us in every good word and work. But charity, in common parlance, as used now-a-days, means kindness to the poor. The act of bestowing alms, or visiting the indigent sick, is termed a deed of charity. It is this kind of charity upon which I am about to speak. To give to the poor in a formal way, and merely from a sense of duty, or from an idea that the scriptures enjoin us so to do, is no more praiseworthy than the paying of tithe, mint, and cummin, for which Jesus said the scribes and pharisees were remarkable. I would not be understood to say, that there is no merit in almsgiving. I speak not of the outward action, but the motive upon which we act; the spirit in which we give—not that man can judge correctly of the motives of his fellow man; but God who seeth the heart, and each individual, who knoweth his secret reasons for acting, can judge whether the act is really praiseworthy or not. I pretend not to judge a man by his motives. I know of no rule but that of actions, by which I can form an estimate of my fellow-creatures—but I do know that it is very possible to give to the poor from a spirit of pride or vanity, and in order that we may receive the praise of men. Jesus says of the hypocrites of old, that they gave alms in the most ostentatious manner, and charges his disciples not to let their left hand know what their right hand doeth when they bestow assistance to the needy. I think it is sufficient for us to be persuaded that a spirit of kindness and good will is the moving cause when we bestow our alms upon the poor. This is the only legitimate motive, and all others are false and of no avail, so far as we ourselves are concerned, however much the individual benefited by our act may profit.

But however common it may have been in our Savior's time to make a display of giving alms, it is by no means a usual failing now-a-days, and in our land. There is not so much need of cautioning men against an ostentatious display of charity, as there is to urge them to the practise of that duty. There are many very plausible excuses made use of to avoid bestowing of our abundance upon the needy. If, in one or two instances, persons assisted in this manner have made a bad use of the money or goods conferred upon them, the avaricious and mean immediately lay hold of the circumstance, and keep it as a standing plea against doing anything for the most

deserving and prudent. The rich often get together in groups and comfort each other's consciences by raking up instances which they have known or heard of, wherein charity was ill bestowed, and really believe that their penuriousness is nothing less than a regard for the welfare of society. It is not very difficult to persuade ourselves that we are doing right when we are determined to do wrong. Sometimes a rich man is applied to, and his assistance is asked by one who really needs it, and whose situation in life precludes the possibility of their doing much to alleviate their condition. He answers that ample provision is made for the poor by certain societies, and turns them away with this answer: 'If you are found to be worthy objects of charity, you will receive it at the hands of the society.' Now it is very doubtful whether the individual thus turned away possesses the means or the knowledge requisite to gain an interview with the managers of any benevolent society. Suppose the applicant to be a poor woman from a distance—a stranger in town—who has been suddenly overtaken by poverty in a land of whose customs and forms she is wholly ignorant. How much time and labor must be expended before she can inquire her way to the house of the man deputed to listen to cases of this sort? How long must she wander through the streets, with her cold and hungry children, before she meets with a person who knows how to direct her to the agent's door—and how much longer before she finds one of the well dressed and busy throng who will be willing to stand patiently in the public street and answer the questions of a poor suppliant, surrounded by starving children? Thus, in too many instances, the public institutions for the relief of sufferers, serve only for an apology for the ungenerous and selfish, on which they can shift off their responsibility to God, and duty toward their fellow creatures. Perhaps the same rich man who has been thus applied to, and who has told the applicant to go to a benevolent society, has never himself contributed a cent of his money nor a moment of his time to the establishment or continuance of such institutions! He regards them as very convenient establishments to take business of the kind off his own hands, like the kennels of a public street, which are made to receive the water and offals which would otherwise be equally distributed over the avenues of the town.

It is, indeed, very much the case that men and women too are glad to find others who will bear

the heat and burthen of the day—who will do everything that is necessary to be done, in order that they themselves may have nothing left to do. We find that Jesus, with the prophetic eye of inspiration, saw through the course of conduct natural to man on these occasions, and accordingly, when speaking of the Good Samaritan, he said, 'Go thou and do likewise.' When we see a person giving of his substance and his time to the poor, we are not simply to admire the act, and to content ourselves with the reflection that they are already provided for, but we are to 'go and do likewise.' How many have we seen and heard of, who devoted their time and their fortunes to the good of their fellow-creatures! They have borne more than their share of the burthen—they have impoverished themselves for the sake of others, because some have looked on carelessly and done nothing. Had we all obeyed the injunction to 'go and do likewise'—had we all contributed our proportion toward the alleviation of our fellow-creatures, how light would have been the burthen for each individual! There are also many cases where the action of benevolent societies would come too late—where suffering can only be prevented by the interference of individuals. Shall the lips of the dying man be suffered to parch until a society can be informed of his situation, and get ready to administer the cordial? Shall the famishing infant cry for bread until a committee get ready to inquire into its situation?

But I do not defend the practice of bestowing alms, unadvisedly, upon every one who demands them. Experience has shown the utter uselessness of such a course. In some countries begging is followed as a profession, and those who are able to support themselves, do by fictitious tales of distress, counterfeited lameness, and false tears, impose upon the artless and unsuspecting. Although in our country wretchedness of this description has not yet become reduced to a system, and although there are few able-bodied men who follow begging as a profession, yet the same disposition to magnify their necessities, and extort from the industrious their honest earnings, prevails. In bestowing alms, therefore, some discrimination is required. It is frequently the case, that those who are least worthy of assistance, tell the most dolorous story. The beggar who weeps and snuffles, and is loud in his expressions of gratitude, without any apparent cause for so much emotion, should be thoroughly watched and examined. Both law and right rea-

son demand that no man should be judged unheard. Every one must be treated as if he were innocent, until he is proved to be guilty. We have no right, therefore, to decide upon a man or woman, at first sight, that they are unworthy objects of charity. We must first have the proof; and that proof cannot be obtained until we have expended a small portion of our time, and taken a little pains to investigate the matter. If the probability of human suffering is not sufficient to induce us to take any pains about the matter, we shall, of course, refuse to be interrupted by the cry of the needy, and turn him away with a cool or harsh answer, as if poverty were an actual disgrace.

But it is not only those who apply to us for assistance, who should engage our attention and our sympathy. Many indigent persons—and perhaps the most worthy class of unfortunates—never tell their sorrows to others. Withheld by a false shame, or scorning to eat the bread of dependence, nay—possessing a knowledge of the heartlessness of the world, and despairing of good treatment from their more opulent fellows, they prefer, like the Spartan boy, to hug the tormentor to their own bosoms, and hide their pain from the observation of others. Such persons would not be likely to aggravate their misfortunes in order to secure the sympathy of others. To discriminate between the worthy and the unworthy, and to bestow charity upon those only who deserve it, requires, therefore, the sacrifice of some portion of our time. This will not, however, be deemed a sacrifice by those who possess the true gospel charity which induces to the performance of kind actions, and which must be at the foundation of every praiseworthy act. No truly charitable person assists his indigent neighbor merely because he thinks it is his duty to do so, or on account of what others may say or think of him if he refuses. He will perform generous deeds from the impulse of his own free will, independent of all selfish considerations. The fruits are the works, and according as the soil is, so will the fruits be either good or bad—abundant or otherwise. When the heart is right, no other rule of conduct is necessary.

THERE is nothing that a vicious man will not do to appear virtuous. He loves nothing so well as his mask. I have known persons who in four weeks have not changed their shirt; but who, nevertheless, put on a clean collar daily, that they may appear clean.—*Bulwer.*

A MEMENTO,

OF THREE FRIENDS WHO 'ARE NOT.'

Original.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Mrs. Lucy-Ann Tilden, Æt. 24.

THOU of the radiant eye, and chastened cheek,
And coral lip, and rounded brow of snow,
Thou, whose dark eye such eloquence could speak,
As lips, and tongue, and voice can never know ;
Fond mother ! while thy ardent clasp was strong
With all the energy of newborn hope,
While yet maternity had known no wrong,
Nor even felt its boundless, breathless scope—
While love's young tree on every laden bough
Showed richer gems than monied misers seek,
Death set his seal upon thy fervent brow,
And chilled the rose upon thy dimpled cheek.

When the broad prairies showed their brightest bloom,
And flowered magnolias crowned the verdant steeps,
By Mississippi's banks they made thy tomb,
Long, weary miles from where thy mother weeps.
Thy bridal rose had scarce yet lost its hue,
And sweetness lingered in thy festal wreath,
When the pale, funeral flower, the umbelled rue,
Was brought to shadow forth thine early death.
Peace to thy holy grave ! Peace to that heart,
Still bleeding from its late uprooted love ;
We own it well that ye were doomed to part—
He to toil here, and thou to rest above.

Miss Mary H. P. Hall, Æt. 23.

Daughter of Poesy ! thou too art gone ;
The purest soul that ever dwelt in clay,
Shone in thy soft blue eye, and gave its tone
Of mournful sweetness to thy tender lay.
How with a senior's love, tender and meek,
Thy gentle heart grew reverent toward me ;
And while the blood was rushing from my cheek,
That thou shouldst praise my simple melody,
Thou, with thy rare humility, wert prone
To call thine own rich gifts a worthless dower—
While I so coveted the thrilling tone,
Which thou couldst waken with such magic power.

Thou, pure in heart, art gone to see thy God !
Tho' stores of classic lore were early thine,
Yet still, the meekest of the meek, thou trod—
An angel *human* then, and now *divine*.
How sweet the antique, orient dialect,
When thou and Lucy coned its poets o'er !
While my own task, poor victim of neglect,
Was all forgotten in your soft-toned lore.
Farewell, thou beautiful, and pure, and wise !
The lyre hath lost a string in losing thee ;
But thou, with golden harp above the skies,
Art breathing a diviner melody.

Miss Abba M'Intosh, Æt. 22.

And thou, the longest loved, the latest wept !
Twin rose upon a graceful stalk wert thou !
Ah ! who had dreamed, while love such vigil kept,
That death could leave his signet on thy brow ?
And she is left, the sister of thy birth—
A lone, bent blossom on life's yet green tree ;
Bowed like a slender reed to that cold earth,
Where lingers all that here remains of thee.
God ! in thy loving kindness lift that flower,
And let its perfume breathe to Thee alone ;
Oh ! bid faith's strong and renovating power
Strengthen the heart of our dear sorrowing one.

When in our humble temple, week by week,
Small clusters meet to mingle holy praise,
In vain for one dear form we fondly seek,
In vain we turn to greet thy smiling face.
And when the choral strain goes up to heaven,
We miss thy low, soft voice in every hymn ;
Blessed ! we know that God to thee hath given
A place in his bright choir of cherubim !
Then fare thee well ! sweet daughter of our God !
Humbly on earth thy youthful footsteps sped
In that bright path where his beloved trod—
And now his crown bedecks thy sainted head.

Shirley Village, Mass.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

Original.

TO SOME minds the approach of the cold season is attended with melancholy presentiments. It is true that winter brings its inconveniences to the poor ; for the improvident and the unfortunate are alike distressed by its ravages, and the increased expenses necessary to personal comfort. Even those of us who are placed beyond the reach of want, cannot but feel that there are great numbers of our fellow-beings to whom the time of frost presents formidable difficulties.

But it is, nevertheless, certain that every season has charms peculiar to itself, and the variety which these changing seasons introduce is pleasing to the imagination. It is not, however, in the crowded city that the variations of the year are truly seen and felt. Art has done so much to dethrone nature in the metropolis, where the earth's green things are repudiated, banished, and trodden down, that here we have little else to mark the rotations of seed time and harvest but heat and cold, and the comparative length of the days. But in the country the hand of the mighty Maker is seen, and there his works praise him. Even on the approach of the ungenial season, nature puts forth those beauties which she had withheld during the scorching heats of summer. The wild-flowers deck the fields of autumn, and even dare the frosts of winter ; and when the leaves of most trees have turned yellow and fallen to the earth, the ever-green—that true type of living faith—dons its fresh robe and grows brighter and brighter amid the snows, like the immortal triumphing over the grave.

Winter also affords many opportunities for the cultivation of the social virtues, and that enjoyment which springs up in a well-ordered neighborhood where every one is disposed to please and be pleased. I allude particularly to the

country. It is here that the independent swain, disregarding the vanity of cities, piles the logs upon his broad hearth, and in the midst of his family circle, and a social neighbor or two, sits down to listen to the roaring of the winds without, as they rush through the tall pines which surround his dwelling, or are heard bellowing in the distant wood like billows on the sea shore. Being at peace with all the world, he fears no evil, and having garnered the produce of his fields in due season, he dreads not the imperative demands of want.

As the blazing fire imparts to every corner of the room its steady light, unaided by lamp or candle, the plain but useful furniture is illuminated by its glow; and the young people are observed in one corner displaying the store of nuts which they have wrested from the lofty empire of the squirrel, and hoarded for such occasions as the present. Go to the low-browed window, and you will discern through the gloom a glimmering light far in the distance. That is the more imposing mansion of the 'squire. His polished hearth is also enlivened by the cheerful red coals, and there are gathered around his warm and comfortable fireside several of the fairer portion of the human family, who unite in their blooming yet delicate countenance the ruddy health of the country maiden with the intellectual expression of the more refined circles. From among this class we might perhaps select the best specimens of female beauty and excellence. Intelligent and accomplished, yet free from ostentation; ease without affectation, and buoyancy of heart without rudeness are conspicuous in all their movements.

Not far from the mansion which gives shelter to this little aristocracy of loveliness, stands the parsonage. The venerable minister whose head has been covered with the frosts of time sits in a retired room listening to the bashful disclosures of a timid youth, while the good man promises, with a shake of the hand, that he will not be missing on the appointed evening; and then, as the youth leaves the door and leaps into his sleigh, the merry steeds bound off into the gloom, and seem to shake the sounding bells with a knowing prescience, as if aware that the next time they were harnessed their driver would not ride alone.

Although winter may be regarded as the most unlovely of the four seasons, yet there is a grandeur in its storms—there is a pleasing sadness

in the desolation of the forest, the lowering skies and the drifted snow. Summer is more remarkable for its beauty—winter for its sublimity. In our climate the latter season is long and dreary. The three months which are nominally appropriated to it, by no means comprise the term of wintry weather. Our spring months, as they are called, seem but a preparation for the genial season. Perhaps that autumn is the most glorious part of the year; for then we are not oppressed by the burning heat, or benumbed by the cold. The approach of winter is generally slow, giving abundant time for preparation. When that preparation has been judiciously made, the monarch of storms is shorn of its terrors, and we laugh at the sounding tempest, the biting hail, and drifted snow.



LOSS OF CHARACTER.

Original.

EVEN the most depraved of mankind feel a natural horror at such vices as they are not in the daily habit of practising. This dislike of vice leads us to condemn individuals who have become notorious for crime. The world forms an opinion of such individuals, and they are regarded as unworthy of confidence, and often as having forfeited the regard of their fellow-creatures; hence arises loss of character, and it is to this cause that we are to attribute that very prevalent vice—hypocrisy. A fear of incurring the censure of mankind, and a desire to enjoy the advantages arising from their esteem, induces us to cover up our vices from the public eye, and to assume such virtues as are of good repute, but which we do not really possess.

When an individual has been convicted of theft, forgery, swindling or any other disgraceful offence, we are apt to condemn him wholly. We speak of him and act toward him as if we thought it was impossible that he should ever after perform a good action from good motives. He has lost his character, and we straightway proceed to bar up every avenue through which he might possibly regain it. It is also worthy of remark that this horror of the sins of others is not confined to such persons as are comparatively innocent themselves. It may so happen that a person who is guilty of secret crimes will cry out vehemently against one who has been openly convicted of a similar offence. This proves that

many persons are more careful to appear righteous in the eyes of men than in the eye of the Creator from whom nothing is hidden.

It is not borne in mind by the world in general that the best of us are liable to lose our reputation for moral purity. How often do we see those who seemed to stand like immovable rocks in high places, suddenly yield to temptation and fall away from virtue! We are surprized, we express our astonishment; we wonder that evil should have overtaken so respectable an individual. But we do not bear in mind that if he fell, the same misfortune is quite as liable to befall ourselves. The uncertainty of our own standing—the weakness of our own good resolutions, and the mutability of all human things, should render us charitable to the weaknesses and the failings of others. We should never forget that it is by grace we are saved, and that in the moment we cease to rely, with humble hope, on the Divine protection, we are, also, in danger of becoming castaways.

When, therefore, we permit our indignation to rise against vice, let us spare the unhappy victim; and, above all, let us not so bear ourselves toward him as to deter him from an attempt to regain what he has lost; for repentance and amendment may restore the wanderer to the path from whence he has deviated. It is the mercy of God which saves the sinner, and it is not the cruelty and intolerance of man which will reform him. I fear that we have too much neglected the consideration of these things, and have more frequently striven to display our own righteous abhorrence of evil, than to raise the fallen, and point the erring sinner to the star of salvation.



BRIDGET.

Original.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

'What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.'

AMONG the many lovely spots upon the shores of the noble Hudson, there are none more desirable for a summer residence than Locust Grove, which was long owned and occupied by Mrs. Lindsay, the widow of an eminent lawyer, and her interesting family. One bright morning in the flowery month of June, saw them assembled in the wide and airy hall, which at one end afforded a

fine view of the blue, flowing river, and at the other looked out upon the shady group of graceful trees from which the estate took its name. The mother was perusing a letter which had, probably, been expected; for her eldest daughter could hardly wait to see it finished before she inquired, somewhat anxiously, 'is she coming, mother? is the lady coming?' 'Yes, Harriet; she will be here, to-morrow.' 'So soon! O, mother, I am sorry! now cousin Lucy is here to visit us, and Alfred spending the vacation, and we hoped to have such nice times together—how provoking to think this learned lady should leave her scientific circle to ruralize among such a set of rustics. Lucy, we must review our school books; she will be asking us about the "properties of matter," and "chemical affinities;" odious lessons! Philosophy and chemistry, geometry and algebra, I bade ye all a solemn farewell, hoping in future to be called upon to demonstrate no more difficult proposition than that two and two make four, according to Daboll. Oh, Alfred, what shall we do?'

'Really, Harriet, you must appeal to some wiser counsellor in this dilemma, for I begin to feel alarmed on my own account. Does she talk Latin, mother, and Greek? if so, assist me Virgil and Euripides! and I will never copy my translations again—but do tell us her name, her name and age; I shall not like her, I know, for I hate blue stockings.'

Mrs. Lindsay smiled at the comic distress of her children, while she replied to their numerous questions. 'She is the daughter of one of my dearest friends, and I have not seen her for many years, as she seldom leaves her home at the south. I will not describe her character, but leave you to form your own opinions about it. I think she cannot be far from thirty, and her name is Bridget Clark.'

'Thirty! my conscience! and Bridget—what a name for a poetess! Felicia Hemans, Letitia Landon, Mary Howitt and Mary Mitford—pity your sister of the pen! Like Byron "I have a passion for the name of Mary," and think Lucy almost as euphonious; but Bridget! forgive me, mother, I must say your friend erred in bestowing upon her daughter such an unharmonious cognomen. I dare say there is a great deal of "unwritten poetry" in my composition, though my genius has not yet shone forth in that department of literature. "John Gilpin was a citizen" is my favorite *epic*, and the only one from

which I should be able to quote. Harriet, you must give us a line occasionally, for you have the Lady of the Lake at your finger ends. But what *thinks* mon petite Lucy? she *says* nothing; has the dread of this expected visitation deprived her of speech?' Little Eustace now begged leave to speak, and wanted to know if his mother thought the lady would ask him to spell any harder word than ichneumon; and the youngest sis wondered if she must put away her doll and playthings.

The dreaded morrow arrived, and the dreaded visitor came—without any sound of trumpets—in a dark green chaise, with a grave, literary-looking gentleman for an attendant, who drove away without entering the house. Mrs. Lindsay gave her a cordial reception; and she kissed the sweet girls, who timidly advanced to meet her, with so much affection, and her open countenance and soft blue eyes wore such a beaming smile, as Alfred gallantly replied to her animated greeting; he was sure she did not look more than twenty, and forgot that her name was Bridget.

There were joyous times at Locust Grove while the literary lady tarried there. All were charmed with her sweet disposition, and gay good nature—all but poor Lucy, as we shall presently see. Harriet found her one morning sitting by the window in a 'brown study,' and putting on a grave countenance—which was rather a difficult matter for her laughing ladyship—'Cousin Lucy,' said she, 'I will just tell you, in the most polite manner possible, that you are a little fool.' 'I know it; for every one seems to think so since Miss Bridget came,' was the quiet reply.

'For every one, which is quite a comprehensive term, we will substitute one, and that one shall be Alfred; for it is him you mean: but I had no reference to any lack of knowledge, I only meant you were foolish to be jealous.' 'Jealous!' said Lucy with an indignant blush; 'what is it to me if he walks and talks with Miss Clark continually, and asks her opinion upon all occasions? What is it to me? I care nothing about him.' 'Doubted by the majority,' responded the lively Harriet, as she turned to the piano, and sung 'Love has eyes.'

Miss Clark one day commenced a conversation about names, by saying that her own was given her at the request of her grandmother, who had lost a sister and daughter both bearing the same appellation. 'You may be sure,' she

continued, 'it was somewhat trying in my younger and more romantic days, when I would rather have been addressed by a title of softer sound; but now I care little, or nothing, about it. I was somewhat amused by an incident which occurred not long since, while walking through the village of N—— with a friend. We heard a woman at the door of a miserable cabin calling, glory! glory! in a voice high pitched and shrill, and supposed it to be some crazy Methodist shouter; but soon *glory* came running towards her in the shape of a flaxen-haired lassie in ragged garments. The mother saw us smile, and lowering her voice to a softer key thus addressed the child: "Gloriana Lavinia take this rotten pumpkin to the pigs my darling." We both laughed heartily, and my friend mischievously mourned my comparatively insignificant title, and feared I would be less than ever resigned to the hard fate of possessing it.'

The day at last came on which their pleasant visitor was to bid farewell to Locust Grove, and the same friend who had accompanied her thither was to be her escort home: he tarried long enough at this time, to give them reason to suspect that he possessed some claims upon the lady of his charge which she was not unwilling to allow. Lucy's heart was much relieved by the discovery which followed the arrival of this gentleman of the dark green chaise; and she consequently felt so gracious towards him, it might soon have come Alfred's turn to be jealous had his stay been lengthened. They parted with mutual regret; and the young people, one and all, declared that she was the most loveable person they had ever met, that they should always like blue stockings, and be especially interested in every one who answered to the name of Bridget.

Hartford, Ct. Oct. 10, 1838.



LIFE'S CHANGES.

Original.

LIFE hath its joys, its rays of light
Glorious and spreading wide,—
Visions that wake the raptured sight,
And all dark shadows hide.
Life hath its hours of bliss as dear
As ever heaven hath known,
When banished far was pale eyed fear,
And every doubt was flown.

Life hath its griefs, its gloom and blight,
Robbing earth's brightness all,

When the sick soul doth loathe the light,
And loves the shrouding pall.
Life hath its hours of agony,
No keener can e'er come,
When the crushed heart to death would flee,
And greet the grave as home.

Affection's union, soul to soul,
Heart bound to heart in love,
Gives life its hours more dear than all,—
Makes earth like heaven above ;—
Affections riven, heart torn from heart,
Gives life its keenest grief ;
And if it were we *forever* part,
O what could yield relief ?

Haverhill, Mass.

ONEZ.



DIALOGUES FOR YOUNG LADIES. NO. III.

Original.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

EMILY. Well, Miss Mary, you see me here again upon an errand rather unusual for young women—to inquire into religious subjects. But I confess I have been so interested in our previous conversations upon this topic, that I have been quite anxious to renew them.

Mary. I greet you with much pleasure, and am quite happy in the opportunity of again conversing with you in regard to that faith which 'is everywhere spoken against.' And I hail your interest upon this subject as a good omen, indicating a mind intent to take nothing in this respect upon the word of another, but determined to search for itself, and learn from its own observation the nature of those several systems which claim to be founded upon the gospel of the Redeemer. Such a mind will not long remain in the dark.

E. Thank you for the compliment ; but I can lay little claim to it. I have always deeply abhorred *prejudice*, of every description. But to speak out candidly, I have found since I commenced this investigation with you, that I have long been unconsciously cherishing this hateful spirit—that I have long been opposed to your sect, for reasons many of which I perceive are based not on fact, but entirely on prejudice. And I have no doubt—yea, I am confident—that there are thousands now in the same situation.

M. I am perfectly assured of it. Prejudice blinds its victims not only to the worthiness of others, but also to their own imperfections ; hence there are multitudes totally blinded by religious prejudice, who are entirely unaware of their bondage to this dishonorable feeling, and who

would be highly offended were they to be charged with it.

E. But I am determined to break from this spirit, for I am sensible it is unworthy to be cherished. If I cannot oppose your denomination upon any other principle than prejudice, then my opposition shall entirely cease.

M. I rejoice at this resolution, and trust that you will abide by it.

E. I shall endeavor to. But let us proceed in our investigation. There is an argument often brought forward against Universalism that I should be pleased to hear answered. It is as follows :—If the Savior and his apostles proclaimed sentiments favorable to the doctrine of the salvation of all men, why were they opposed, and persecuted, and put to death, by the Jews ? One would suppose they would be pleased with such a sentiment ; and that so far from destroying those who declared that they all would be saved, they would have advocated such a doctrine and aided its progress. Now, Mary, I am curious to hear you reply to this objection, for it looks to me like one of no inconsiderable weight.

M. At first sight the argument would appear to possess some strength ; but a slight investigation will show that its strength is only in *appearance*, and not in reality. Let me ask you why the doctrine of the salvation of the world is opposed, and its advocates cried out against by so many in the present age ?

E. Why it is undoubtedly because they disbelieve the sentiment.

M. Very well. It was for a similar reason that the same doctrine was opposed by the Jews. They would not receive Jesus of Nazareth as their Messiah ; they branded him as an impostor, and this was one of the reasons why they rejected his gospel. It is not so surprising that the salvation of the world should be disbelieved by the Jews, as that it should be disbelieved by professing christians. For the Israelites rejected the Savior, and of course placed no confidence in his teachings, or in the instructions of his apostles. But christians profess to *believe* in Christ as the Son of God and the Redeemer of men, and to receive his declarations as the everlasting truth of heaven. And yet they cannot, or will not, believe the Savior when he solemnly proclaimed, 'And I, if I be lifted up, *will draw all men unto me !*' John xii. 32. Neither can they believe the apostle to the Gentiles, when he declares that God 'will have *all men* to be saved,

and to come unto the knowledge of the truth !' 1 Tim. ii. 4. Hence, I repeat, it is much more a matter of surprise that the professed followers of Jesus should reject a doctrine most emphatically expressed in his own language, and in the language of his apostles, than that the Jews should disbelieve it. But can you conceive of no other reason why the Savior and his gospel of salvation were rejected by the Jews ?

E. I know not that I can, unless it was because they were a people exceedingly bigoted and prejudiced.

M. Bigotry and prejudice undoubtedly had their share in the work. We have evidence of this in the fact that, when the Pharisees, and the learned doctors and lawyers failed in silencing Jesus by argument, they sneeringly exclaimed—'Is not this the *carpenter's* son ?' Matt. xiii. 55. This was an exhibition of the very spirit of bigotry and prejudice. And allow me, Emily, to inquire, is there not a similar spirit frequently exhibited in our own day ? When an individual comes into a community and proclaims that doctrine of the same salvation of our dependant race that was taught by the Redeemer and his primitive disciples, how often do we hear the scornful exclamation, 'Bless me ! is not this the carpenter's son ? is not this the man who once worked at the carpenter's bench ? And does he pretend to contradict our learned divines, and our venerable doctors ? Monstrous ! absurd !! ridiculous !!!'

E. I acknowledge such language is exceedingly silly.

M. Silly ! is it not highly reprehensible, and derogatory to the character of a christian ? Does it not exhibit the extreme *barrenness* and *little-ness* of the minds from whence it proceeds ? does it not plainly indicate that they value the medium through which a truth is proclaimed, as much more important than the truth itself ? Would it not be far more reasonable and christian-like to inquire into the *merits* of the doctrine, rather than into the origin of him who proclaims it ? to show the falsity of the sentiment, (if it is false,) than to prove that he who preaches it is of humble parentage ? If a doctrine is true and valuable, it is quite immaterial to the wise and good whether it is taught by the son of a prince, or the son of a beggar. But let us not wander too far from the point under consideration. There was another cause why the doctrine of the salvation of the human family, as proclaimed by Christ, was re-

jected by the Jews, which was still stronger, if possible, than their want of evidence of its truth, or their prejudice against the humble origin of 'the carpenter's son.'

E. Pray what was that cause ?

M. It was their *spiritual pride* ! They were puffed up with high notions of their own importance. They believed the Creator to be the Father of the descendants of Abraham—they believed that God was *their* friend and benefactor more peculiarly than he was to the Gentiles, whom they despised as outcasts and dogs ; they believed that the Deity valued them more highly, and was far more interested in their welfare than any other portion of the human race—that the Messiah promised by their prophets, was to be the Savior of the Israelites only, and that God would continue in the next world and forever, to lavish upon their nation alone his choicest blessings. Here, then, was a high degree of spiritual pride. Am I not correct thus far ?

E. You undoubtedly are.

M. Now when Jesus Christ—this 'carpenter's son,' as they deridingly termed him—came among them, and plainly and openly declared that these high assumptions were perfectly groundless—that God was the Father of the Gentile as well as the Jew, that he was the friend and benefactor of all, that all souls were alike valuable in his sight, and that he loved them all with the same impartial, changeless, and unending affection—when Christ declared that he was the Son of God, the Messiah, the Redeemer of men, that he came to save the world, heathen as well as Israelite, that he would die for all men and draw all unto him, and reconcile all to God, and that, finally, all should be separated from their sins, elevated to another state of existence, and there alike participate in the favor of the Creator and enjoy his smiles forever—when these sentiments, I repeat, were proclaimed in their ears, their spiritual pride was stung to the quick ! such doctrines were an abomination in their sight. What ! we, the descendants of Abraham, the favored people of Heaven—we, pious Pharisees, who pray upon our house-tops and in the public streets, and pay tithes even of our mint and annise and cummin—we no more valuable than the heathen dogs ! Are we to be told that our Messiah will save *them* as well as us ? that they will be elevated to an equality with us ! that our God loves them as ardently as ourselves, and will admit them into the same

heaven, and to a participation in the same happiness with us? It is rank heresy! it is blasphemy! he is deserving of death! 'away with him! crucify him, crucify him!!' May we not safely say, that it was more from wounded spiritual pride than from any other cause, that the Jews rejected the doctrines of the Savior, and put him to death?

E. Such a supposition appears extremely reasonable from the view you have taken of the subject.

M. I would not be uncharitable or harsh in judging the conduct of others, but you will forgive me in remarking, as the settled conviction of my mind, drawn from no small degree of observation, that the doctrine of the salvation of a world of sinners—which was, and is, the very spirit of Christ's gospel—meets its most violent opposition in our own days in the workings of that same spiritual pride that is so conspicuous in the conduct of the Jews towards the Redeemer.

E. That is quite a strong assertion, Mary; will you give me your reason for it?

M. Most willingly. I cannot believe there is a human being, however wicked and depraved he may be, who, in his calm and sober moments, can *desire* the reverse of the doctrine of universal salvation to prove true—the deliberate *wish* that even one sensitive creature should be endlessly miserable, requires an excess of bitter malignity, of deep, black depravity, that cannot be found in human nature. I am confident that the holy and benevolent Deity never formed a being capable of deliberately entertaining such an unholy desire! Hence, when professing christians declare, (as they frequently do,) 'If all men are going to heaven I have no desire to go!' I am always willing to give them the credit of believing that such a remark proceeds not from their *hearts* but from their *pride*! for if not from the former it must from the latter.

E. Such a conclusion is surely more creditable to them as human beings. But such an expression is unworthy a christian, let it proceed from whatever infirmity it may!

M. The truth is, when people become possessed with the idea that they are more valuable and precious in God's sight than others of their fellow-creatures—that they have become his favorites to the exclusion of certain others, and will participate in his choicest blessings, while they will forever be deprived of them—these views naturally have a tendency to awaken spiritual

pride and exclusiveness in their hearts. Now, declare to such people that they are no more valuable to the Creator than their sinful neighbors—that God loves the poor, ignorant, deluded transgressor as ardently as themselves, that Christ came to save the sinful, and that he will, finally, save all those that are now wicked, and elevate the whole human race to an equality in heaven's happiness, and it will stir up their spiritual pride to a high state of activity. They cannot endure such a thought, it is so humbling to their vanity, and so opposed to those notions of their own superior value which they have long so fondly cherished, that they cry out against it, and in the fervor of their excitement make such declarations as that we have just noticed.

E. But can you wonder, Mary, that virtuous, christian people dislike to bring themselves down to a level with the irreligious and corrupt portion of community?

M. We do not ask them to bring themselves down to an equality with the profligate; and it does not seem possible that any can so understand us. But we ask them, and the gospel requires them, to be willing that the debased and corrupt part of mankind should be *elevated* in virtue, in righteousness and love, to an equality with themselves, and to be willing that God should elevate one and all of the human race, to a degree of purity, holiness and felicity, infinitely above that to which the most perfect can attain in this life! And it is in an *unwillingness* that this work of *impartial* and *universal* grace and sanctification should be accomplished, that spiritual pride the most plainly exhibits itself. And it invariably involves its possessors in absurdities. They will acknowledge themselves to be *sinners*, to be *unworthy* of God's favors and blessings, and to be *undeserving* the endless joys of heaven from any thing they have done or can do, or from any merit of their own, but that they depend solely upon the grace of God for salvation. But, most strangely, they will be offended and horror-struck at the doctrine which declares that the Creator will be as kind to other unworthy and undeserving sinners as to themselves, and that the impartial grace which will bestow salvation upon one sinner who has not *earned* it, will, upon the same principle, bestow it upon all sinners! This is the very essence of spiritual pride.

E. I cannot perceive what else it can be.

M. It is from those who possess this pride, as I have once remarked, that the doctrine of free

and universal grace receives its strongest opposition. The true christian, whose soul is filled with humanity, benevolence, love, and all the refined sensibilities which characterize the disciples of Christ, will not be among the violent opposers of the doctrine of the salvation of the world. He will love the supposition that all earth's sinful ones can be brought to repentance, reformation and happiness, even if he does not believe it. He discovers in it something congenial to the best and purest emotions of his soul. And it is not difficult to convert such a man to the truth. His heart, his affections are already prepared for its reception; all that is necessary to be done, is to appeal to his judgment. Only convince him that God is both *able* and *willing* to purify and save a world of sinners, and the work is accomplished—'believing, he rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory!' But the work of converting those whose hearts are surcharged with the bitterness of spiritual pride, is entirely different. Their pride is a barrier which obstructs the avenues to their affections and their judgments; and while this pride continues, they must remain strangers to the kingdom and spirit of Christ. This pride, therefore, must first be removed; they must be humbled, they must be led to fall at the feet of Jesus, and exclaim, 'Lord, teach me my sinfulness, my worthlessness, my insignificance, my utter lack of merit whereby I can purchase salvation, teach me my entire dependance upon my Creator for the joys of the world to come, and how greatly such a blessing is above my worthiness.' When these feelings pervade their bosoms—when the kind and benevolent spirit of the blessed Jesus enters their souls, and warms the latent powers of their better nature into existence, so that they are not only willing, but eager to encircle the whole race of fallen humanity in the embraces of their love—then, then they are prepared to take higher steps in the school of Christ, and come to an entire knowledge of that truth which maketh free indeed!

E. Well, Mary, I see not but you have cleared up the point upon which we first started, and preached me quite a sermon besides. You have satisfactorily explained why the Jews rejected the Savior and his doctrines, and I see the subject in a different light from that in which I formerly viewed it.

M. I am happy in being able to satisfy you upon that point. But I lay claim to little credit

for doing so; for it is a truth which will be more and more perceptible to you as the range of your religious investigation extends, that the objections brought against the doctrine of universal salvation almost invariably originate in misconceptions of the principles upon which that sentiment is founded. And this accounts for the fact that so many in publicly discussing this topic have unexpectedly found themselves in a most awkward and painful dilemma. The more people become acquainted with those principles, the less are they inclined to oppose them.

E. I acknowledge it has been so in my case. My views of your sentiment are now quite different from what they were at our first interview. Still I have some objections of a minor character; but perhaps they are not of sufficient importance to claim our attention.

M. I shall be most happy to answer, so far as I am able, whatever objections you may bring forward. But in the mean time, allow me to remind you of a circumstance to which you alluded at one of our previous interviews. You remarked that in passing our meeting, not long since, you had a strong desire to enter. You have not yet informed me why you did not.

E. I am sorry you have alluded to that circumstance. But to be candid, I was apprehensive that my own society would find it out.

M. Well, suppose they had. Would that have injured you?

E. It might have lowered me in the estimation of some of them, and exposed me to the censure of others. You well know, Mary, that your meeting is not a place of fashionable resort.

M. Yes; I am fully aware of it; but it is none the less attractive to me. I am thankful that our house of worship is not a fashionable resort—for a *fashionable* resort is a very different place from a *religious* resort. Fashion and religion are, in reality, as entirely disconnected as darkness and light. Where the one prevails to much extent the other is invariably wanting. If you prefer a knowledge of the latest fashions to a knowledge of the truth, if you had rather understand the rule that regulates the shape of a bonnet, the set of a garment, the crimping of a frill or the hue of a ribbon, than understand the character of God, the nature of his government, and the destination which he has in store for yourself and the race to which you belong, then of course you will attend a *fashionable* meeting, where all such *important* and *momentous* infor-

mation can be obtained. But if you prefer a knowledge of the latter subjects, it is but the plain dictate of common sense, to seek it where it is estimated as an object of paramount importance.

E. Why, Mary, you know I do not attach so much importance to fashion as indicated in the comparison you have made.

M. I am well assured of it; and it was, therefore, with the greater surprise that I heard you offer, as an apology for not visiting our meeting, that it was not a fashionable resort. You will not deny that Universalists, as a body, are respectable people—that there are among them men of intelligence and great moral worth, and that they are frequently elected to offices of trust, responsibility and honor?

E. No; I will not deny the truth of your remark. Indeed I am aware that in our own town, several of the most important offices, selectmen, representatives, senators, and other responsible stations, are frequently filled by Universalists. And I have been informed by one whom I can well believe, that in some of the neighboring states, a governor and lieutenant governor, a senator or two, and several representatives in Congress, and judges of the courts, can now be pointed out who belong to the Universalist denomination. These things, I acknowledge, are creditable to your sect.

M. Allow me now to state the case plainly. Here is a denomination which you allow is composed of as great a proportion, in comparison to their whole number, of respectable, valuable, and trust-worthy people, as any other sect. And yet you are fearful that a stigma might be cast upon you, if you attended their meetings, because they are not considered the most *fashionable* class; that is, they do not consider the adorning of the body, as vastly more important than the adorning of the mind—they do not consider the shape of a hat or the cut of a coat, a matter of more magnitude than right religious impressions—they will not look upon laces, and ruffles and furbelows, as the most important objects on earth that can claim the attention of rational beings! for nothing more or less than this can be meant in saying they are not fashionable. Now, Emily, is this excuse for shunning our meeting satisfactory to your own mind? Does it not indicate, when made in seriousness, a frivolous, sterile, empty mind? does it not absolutely and plainly call in question the good sense of those who

make it? does it not show that the great interests of the peace and happiness of mankind in this world, and their destiny in the world to come, are altogether outweighed in their minds by the childish frivolities of dress and outward appearance?

E. Enough, Mary; spare me farther rebuke, for I am heartily ashamed of my excuse. It shall never pass my lips, or have weight upon my conduct again. You will believe me that I was but half serious when I first offered it.

M. I can well credit your assertion; for I am confident you possess too much good sense to allow such trifling matters to bias your better judgment.

E. There is one thing I have not yet mentioned, in regard to which I think we shall not disagree, and that is that your denomination have not an educated ministry.

M. While several of our ministers have passed through a regular course of collegiate and theological studies, and a great proportion, if not all, through an academical course, yet I am willing to acknowledge that our ministry, as a body, are not *learned* as that word is sometimes used. But if by 'a learned ministry,' you would signify a body of clergymen thoroughly acquainted with the scriptures, many of them entirely familiar with the original languages in which the Bible was primarily written, and all of them understanding the languages sufficiently to enter into an analysis of the most important of the controverted words of the scriptures, deeply versed in human nature and man's moral constitution and moral wants, and perfectly understanding the whole range of religious systems in the present and past ages, together with a good degree of plain, sound, practical sense, and natural talent, then we shall not be backward in comparing our ministry with any other.

E. I do not perceive but what these are the essential ingredients to constitute a useful preacher of the gospel.

M. We so consider them. In addressing a promiscuous assembly, it should plainly be the object of the preacher to make himself understood by the humblest capacity. He should remember the declaration of the apostle, 'I had rather speak five words with my understanding, than by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.' The design of preaching, as I understand it, is to instruct the people in respect to the character of

God, and the design of his government and laws, the nature and object of Christ's mission on earth, and the principles and precepts of his gospel—to induce them to love their heavenly Father fervently, and diffuse among them a spirit of forbearance, kindness and benevolence! And I know of no one in our ministry who is not able to do much in this great and good work—perhaps as much in regard, to the greater proportion of mankind, as though their literary acquirements were higher. It is, however a constant object of our denomination, to elevate more and more its ministry in a literary point of view, and their success in this respect is gratifying.

E. I did not speak of the literary acquirements of your ministry as an insurmountable objection; for I am quite confident they are capable of edifying and instructing myself, and the usual congregations that assemble in any place, for public worship. I only meant to say that it is an objection which some bring against them. But I have noticed that those who are the most fond of bringing forward this objection, are generally the least competent to judge upon any subject, whether literary or theological! For my own part my mind is made up. I am determined to lay aside the prejudice and bigotry with which I discover I have too long been blinded, and listen and judge for myself, in regard to the merits of that sentiment to which you are so ardently attached. And if I am convinced of its truth, I will summon sufficient courage and honesty to confess it to the world. So, without another word, good bye.



THE ALBUM'S FATE.

Original.

'Les œuvres des humains sont fragiles comme eux;
Dieu dissipe à son gré leurs desseins orgueilleux;
Lui seul est toujours stable.'

LA HENRIADE.

FRAIL are the works of men, themselves as frail,
Their vagrant hopes and earth-born friendships fail.
Reared by their kindly hands, mementos dear,
Of ardent love—affection strong, sincere,—
Full soon evince themselves are transitory,
Full oft inscribe their own *memento mori*.

These blotted pages, and these loosened leaves,
These fading garlands proffered friendship weaves,
These flowers selected with poetic taste,
These thoughts displayed so beautifully chaste,—
All tell how soon the Album must decay,
How soon its owner's self will pass away.

A few more days, and who will gather here
The dewy sweetness of the fragrant air?
This bower of love, like childhood's ruined home—
An old deserted house, whose every room,

Once gay with life, and smiles, and joy untold,
Sends forth a fœtid odor, from the mould
And very dust, which now alone remain,
To tell the fleetness of affection's reign—
Full soon must change; its fragrance borne away,
Will leave an odor tainted with decay;
And all its sweetness mix with common air,
And all its tasteful beauty disappear.

Who then will come, and in this arbor spend
One sad, lone hour in memory of a friend—
That friend unloved, uncherished, and unknown,
Whose hand, among these flowers, its mite has thrown?
Who feel the recollections here revived?
Who know the pleasures once from these derived?
In future years, this friendship's dear retreat,
This rich bouquet, so gorgeous and so neat,
Defaced and tattered, worn and loved no more—
No more will please; and all its garnered store
Of blushing flowers, that once the heart beguiled,
Become the plaything of some peevish child,
Whose angry bawl its mother's patience tries,
O'ercomes at length, and wins the peerless prize!
Anon the gifts, the artless maiden thought,
In gathering up, from many a stranger sought,
Would, like a rock—vain thought!—forever stand,
Are crushed and riven by its ruthless hand!
And scattered all the joys the treasure gives—
And scattered oft e'en while its owner lives.

Such is thy fate, thou Album!—sacred name—
And such thy fleeting joys, thy short lived fame.
Yet this sad fate hath lessons for the wise;
Its sober voice e'en youth should not despise.
To these it speaks—'no oracle more wise'
Than ruined Album's fate—and thus it cries:—

Stay, lady, stay!—repress thy wild desire,
Thy fluttering hopes, still lingering o'er these leaves—
This lukewarm love, inscribed with wilder fire,
With short lived rapture, flatters and deceives.

Away, away! nor let the giddy toy
Thy soul enrapture with its meteor glare;
Nor let its morning blush thy heart decoy,
For Oh! too oft, it leaves a canker there.

Its tinsel beauty, like a syren song,
Allures, deceives, and calls the heaven-ward mind
Down from its loftier flights, its path along
The azure vault, by faith and hope defined.

Seest thou yon milky way? Far, far beyond
Is man's capacious home, his resting place;
There will his spell-bound soul—a holy bond—
Taste the sweet influence of redeeming grace.

That home is thine!—thy treasure there should be;
Thy anxious hope, thy spirit's sole delight;
There, in thy rest, with all thy kindred free,
Shalt thou, with them, enjoy eternal light.

Here rest thy love—pure of thy spirit's birth—
Here put thy trust; so shall thy years revolve
In hope undying,—though the solid earth
'Shall quake, and nature, groaning, all dissolve.'

SECLUSA.

Dover, N. H.



God of the seasons, of the winds, of the earth,
God, from whom all beings acknowledge their birth:
God of the seas, of the sun, of the moon—
In Him will all nature arise from the tomb.

THE POETRY OF WOMAN. NO. II.

BY C. L. E. NEW-HAVEN.

Original.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

I NEVER saw a more interesting bride than Mary Le Clerc, my intimate and long loved friend. I might have allowed that her loveliness borrowed some of its hues from the light of my own fondness, had not the general exclamations of guests been as ardent as my secret admiration. 'What a beautiful bride!' 'What a sweet young creature!' 'What a charming countenance!' were ejaculated by old and young on that truly joyous occasion. And she *was* beautiful; as the dream of a poet, I remember blushing at her very loveliness—for I was young then, and the tide of feeling flowed freely in my veins.

I will describe the charming couple to you as they entered the parlor for the public interchange of their vows; for, certainly, neither, ever previously or subsequently, commanded such excessive admiration. Gerald Austein was verging on his thirty-sixth year, tall and commanding in attitude, with a high, intellectual head, a dark, penetrating eye, a complexion deeply olive, and lines of mature thought adding gravity and picturesqueness to the marked beauty of his features. He was the model of an intellectual man, and the tender softness of his eye as it rested on the pure creature at his side, spoke volumes for the goodness of his heart. I love to describe exterior appearance—one can judge so much, phrenologically and physiognomically, of the hidden mysteries of the soul.

Mary was small in stature, just small enough to look sweetly dependant, as she leaned tenderly upon his arm; the bright glow of excited modesty lighted up her thoughtful face, her soft, drooping eye was full of language—the language of love and truth—and the quick, tremulous beating of her heart added to the touching timidity and confidingness which bewitched all hearts, and made *us* more than tremble. But I felt encouraged to see her look thoughtful and solicitous. I have much faith in the future happiness of a serious bride, provided her heart be right toward the man of her choice; and no one doubted that Mary loved Gerald as *much* as was right, considering he was but human, like the least of us. But why did we tremble for our friend—she looked so innocent and so amiable, and he so noble, tender and affectionate? I will tell you why; Gerald Austein was a widower,

and had a family of four children; and our Mary was but a girl of eighteen, inexperienced in the cares of a household, and very timid, though firm and conscientious.

I scrutinized, with much anxiety and great satisfaction, the faces of the little group who were ranged on the left of their father, regarding with much interest the progress of the ceremony which gave to them so young and so loveable a mother. The youngest was but three years of age; and an angelic little creature she was, looking as though she were impatient to clasp her arms about Mary's neck, and tell her how glad she was to call her mamma. Young Fred of five was ostensibly a rogue, though a good natured one, and Lydia was the very soul of gentleness. But Roslin looked dangerous. I regretted that the oldest should be a boy, for boys are impatient of feminine restraint, and Roslin's head betokened great force of character, and no slight degree of passion. 'Mary will have trials with him,' thought I; 'and if they engage in combat he will conquer; for, though she may have firmness to resist, she has not active strength to subdue. But why should I anticipate such trials? Gerald would never allow her to be treated with disrespect by one of his children.' Thus I foreboded, and soothed my fears, alternately, during the performance of the nuptial ceremony, and observed very critically the nature of each kiss that was bestowed by the children upon their new parent. Roslin's salutation was evidently sincere, and performed with a rare gallantry for a boy of eleven years. I saw that he loved her, and felt relieved. The scene was affecting to us all, and the cake and wine arrived most opportunely to preserve our spirits.

Gerald was the life of the company—brilliant, sparkling, exhilarated, and yet, at the same time, betraying an under-current of still, deep happiness that shone in his eyes, but gave itself no utterance in words. How proud of him I felt as the husband of my friend, and how grateful that he knew how to prize her! But the bride's stern trial was at hand—the sad farewell to the home of her youth. An only daughter, ay, an only child, was Mary Le Clerc, and worshiped as the bright embodiment of a divine spirit. And the glory of her young life *had* been divinity. Divinity was its day-spring, its vitality, its beauty and its melody—the divinity of God's own image, a pure heart.

To part with her then when the rose of beauty

graced her soft cheek, and the glow of life's strong energy was brightest in her eye ; to part with her when her song was sweetest, and her smile most fond ; ' this, *this*, the passion and the agony of battling love and '—fate, was theirs to suffer in silence, and with smiles. Mary's tears were many and free ; but little loss were they to her, for Gerald only loved her more fondly—and what could now be so great gain to her as her husband's love ?

They entered the carriage, and the wheels rolled on—and their rumbling music seemed to the mother the requiem of her earthly joy—but such is life. I followed in the barouche with the children, for I had yielded to Mary's urgent request to spend the year with them, as I was at that time an unguarded orphan, and passed my days wherever my company was best appreciated. Our journey was of two days' continuance, and never shall I forget the sensations of sublimity that oppressed my soul upon entering the mountain pass to the sweet village of Calderwood. And this little paradise was Mary's home !

'Far down in a beautiful valley,' where a tributary of the Housatonic marks its green path along the base of a fir-clad ridge, there rose the snow-white dwelling of Gerald Austein ; and I saw him point it out to his bride, as it shone in the roseate light of sunset amid the magnificent elms that hung their long green branches above it, like a soft-tinted ruby in a circle of emeralds. It was situated upon a gentle slope from the river, and a rich bed of alluvium lay along at its base, decorated with a luxuriant growth of 'Paddy's esculent,' which, however unpoetical the description may seem, formed a really beautiful appearance, contrasted with the dark, heavy soil which the hoe and the ploughshare had thrown open to the light.

Calderwood was not properly a village ; it was rather a succession of extensive, well-cultivated farms, each provided with a house and garner, generally painted white ; or, now and then, one of cream-color or stone-gray, altogether forming a delightful variety in hue and architecture, and constituting one of those fine specimens of New England rurality which, for characteristics of taste and utility, have few superiors on the globe. From the time we passed the mountain gorge the road was a continued descent to the dwelling, and raspberries and sweet-briers were then in their finest bloom along the borders of our path, making the air redolent with their fragrance.

The children shouted at the sight of home, and up the hill sprang the petted spaniel, wagging his tail and jumping about our horses' feet like a madcap.

'Why, Fidelle, you good fellow ! have ye come to see your new mammy ?' cried Roslin, snapping his fingers at the dog, who gave a leap and sprang headlong into our carriage.

'Why, Fidelle ! you've got into the wrong track for your new mistress. Does your master look so young you don't know him ?' said our waggish driver, cousin Herbert.

'He ! he ! hé !' giggled little Leonor ; 'Fidy don't know pa ! *sink* he don't know much, shouldn't you, Liddy ?'

'O, look ! Clemence,' exclaimed the elder sister, laying her hand earnestly on mine, 'my eglantine has grown a quarter of a yard since we went away. It quite twines around the pillar now. O do help me out that I may run and look at it !'

The bride had alighted and entered some minutes previous, and the housekeeper stood at the door with her ruby cheek circled with smiles, waiting to embrace the merry children. 'The darlings ! how happy they look ; and well they may, such a pretty creature for a mother !' exclaimed the old lady to me, probably observing, with the acute perceptions of sympathy, that I was ready to approve of any commendations of my friend. 'See what fondness !' she whispered, casting a significant glance toward the happy pair in the parlor. I looked, and saw Gerald with the most delicate gallantry replacing the fallen braids of Mary's hair—those soft, chestnut braids, that no one ever disposed so gracefully as she.

Is there a second love ? The poets have denied it in their songs, but have they not affirmed it in their lives ? Byron, Burns, how answer ye ? Is there a second love ? Gerald Austein married very young ; but youth is ever precipitate, especially when urged on by passion, and Gerald's love was ardent as a poet's dream. It may be it was too ardent to be enduring—there are some who philosophize thus ; who say that a calm friendship is a better foundation for domestic happiness than passionate love. If this be really a truth, it is one which is never learned but from experience. Pity that it should be ever learned thus ! Though Gerald's first bride had every requisite mental and personal charm to make her the object of an undying and fervent affection,

she had that sad feminine failing, a jealous temper. Her frequent and unjustifiable fits of passion alienated her husband's heart, though, through the seven years of their union, he treated her with uniform tenderness and christian forbearance. She was a fond mother to his children—himself she loved and injured! The last few days of her life were her best; they were days of penitence and prayer, and their reward was a peaceful death-bed.

Mary Le Clerc was a perfect contrast to Mrs. Austein. A more lamb-like temper never dwelt in a more lovely embodiment. Meek, humble, and unexacting, she was the very model of a female saint. Perhaps it was this contrast that first excited Gerald's attention. There was such a subduing gentleness in her manners, such a winning softness in her voice, such a reposing light in her heavenly eye—how could he help loving from his deep capacities, and loving more tenderly than he had ever loved before? His second passion might be less ardent, but it had a purer tenderness than his first. It was that holy affection that sanctifies every passion of human nature—that makes the green earth lovelier, and the blue sky purer, and the murmuring rivulet sweeter—that fills the heart with poetry, and the mind with light—that links our spirits to the great Eternal by those melodious chords that make music to no touch but His and hers.

It was a beautiful sight to witness the young bride fulfilling the delicate duties of wife and mother so gracefully and faithfully. It was the poetry of woman exemplified and illustrated. Her sweet, chastened smile as she listened to the minutest wish of her little charges, and granted it so readily—her fond look of love when Gerald blessed her, her patient forgiveness of every little petulance in Roslin, her mild, reproving glance when Fred committed some trick of humor upon his sisters, her faithful charge of the domestic concerns, her attentive kindness to the neighboring poor, her warm and cheerful piety in the home circle—all was so meekly and patiently performed that we were completely fascinated by the charms of her goodness. There is in the wide universe no principle so subduing as goodness, and through its influence Mary conquered her household most triumphantly. I verily believe Gerald would sooner have yielded himself to the tender mercies of Caligula than have committed an offence against his gentle young bride. One secret of her success was the perfect preparation which she

had made for her trials. Had she entered upon them in the giddy thoughtlessness which too many young girls betray in the life covenant of love, she could not so constantly have maintained that serene sunshine of temper which successfully dispelled every cloud, and nursed the sweet flowers of love and peace around her hearth stone.

I remember one day seeing Mary look disheartened. It was the first, the only time, during the whole year I was with her. I inquired the cause. 'Roslin has disobeyed me,' she replied, brushing off a lurking tear from her eye; 'disobeyed me, too, in Gerald's absence, and in those instructions which I received from him. Roslin had requested his father's permission to join a sailing party on the river, and on condition of fair weather, the request was granted. The wind blew very strong from the east, and the clouds looked thick and lowering when Gerald entered his gig this morning, and his parting charge to me was, "Tell Roslin he cannot go on the water to-day, it would be dangerous." But, in spite of all my entreaties, the wilful boy has gone in this violent rain—he will be drenched to his skin if no worse evil befall him.'

'Why did you not forbid him, then; he would not have dared to disobey an absolute command.'

'Ah, but, Clemence, you know I govern with a love-rod, and when that is too weak, I am vanquished.'

'But would you not succeed better, Mary, with a little of the force-law in dealing with a turbulent temper? Would not Roslin respect you more?'

'No; I am confident he would not. Impatient of restraint as he is, any impositions of mine would only cause him to hate me. The kindness of his heart will lead him to repent this disobedience, when once the excitement of obstinacy is past, and I hope this experience will teach him that there is no pleasure in transgression. I only feel grieved that I have so illy succeeded in gaining his entire love.'

A drizzling rain continued through the day. Gerald returned about dusk, and, after making several inquiries of Mary how she had passed the day, and whether, like Blue Beard's wife, she had taken a peep into the secret chamber, desired her to call Roslin.

'Roslin went out on the water,' she replied, 'and has not yet returned.'

Gerald looked surprised. 'Out on the water!

I scarcely thought you would give him leave in such a storm. It is late, too. Has he not returned? I will go in search of him.'

'Stop one moment, Gerald.  did not give Roslin leave to go after your instructions to deny him; but for once he was a little wilful, and refused to listen to my entreaties. I am sure he will be very penitent when he knows our grief; but you know,' she added, apologetically, in behalf of Roslin, 'one cannot expect young boys to be perfect in wisdom—it is experience which best learns them the good policy of obedience.'

'I understand you,' he replied, touched by her benevolent intercession for one who had slighted her authority; 'you are insinuating a plea for my unruly son. For your sake, my rebuke shall be light.' While he was speaking the door opened, and Roslin entered, perfectly saturated, and hanging his head like a reprovèd spaniel. He shook like an aspen, and silently drew a chair to the fire. 'Why, Roslin!' exclaimed his father, affecting astonishment, 'where have you been in this rain?'

'Only a fishing, father,' he replied, in a half-sobbing, half-bravado tone of voice, not daring to lift his eyes to his father.

'What! in this storm? I am astonished beyond measure. How could you, Mary, give him leave to go out in such a tempest?'

Mary turned her eyes on the trembling culprit—he met her glance of pity and burst into tears. 'Father,' he sobbed, leaning his head on his breast, 'mother did not give me leave to go; I disobeyed her.'

'What, my son, disobey that kind mother who has done so much for you? I thought you loved her.'

'I do! I do!' he exclaimed impetuously, clasping his arms about her neck; 'I love her as well as if she were my own mamma, and I am very sorry I have grieved her. Kiss me, dear mother, and never will I disobey you again.' A hearty reconciliation took place; and true to his word, Roslin was the most obedient of children during the remainder of the year; and at the expiration of that term, I left them with reluctance, and became a dweller in the beautiful 'city of gardens.'

Eight years passed away, as time usually passes, bringing vicissitudes of joy and sorrow to all of human kind. I had kept up a correspondence with Mary by dint of great perseverance and importunity; for, though I did not

in the least doubt the constancy of her friendship, it was only to every third or fourth well-filled sheet of mine, I could succeed in gaining three pages of reply. But when a letter did come, how soothingly, how blissfully, its kind, cordial expressions of sympathy fell upon my lonely heart. At length, when eight long years had passed, I released myself from my engagements in the city, and again accompanied cousin Herbert to Calderwood. It was a second bridal excursion, and Herbert had a dearer than cousin at his side.

Time had effected very little change in the village where my friends resided—the valley was still as peaceful and beautiful as before. No mountain base had been torn up for railways and tow-paths—no Irish hovels studded the green plain across the river—all remained undisturbed, as though time in his revolving course had found his orbit in another path than Calderwood. The only improvement I could remark in the village was a white, picturesque building standing amid a group of trees that rivalled *Academy*'s grove, whose tall spire and belfry betokened the abode of science and literature. The hill, too, had been somewhat levelled since I had descended it, so that while I sat braced stiff in the carriage to guard against any casualty in our descent, the horses stopped, the gate was swung open, and we were most cordially welcomed by friend Gerald. He looked quite as young, and considerably more robust than at the time of his marriage, from which I argued that life had passed pleasantly with him in the domestic circle.

We had scarcely released our hands from his hearty grasp, ere Mary came skipping down the path to greet us, as gay and fair as ever I thought, with a bright, rosy babe in her arms. She led us into the parlor, and what a sweet group was there assembled! Years had quite changed my little friends of old, and added four still brighter links to the household chain. But of all the band I do not think there was one more devotedly fond of the mother than Roslin. He had grown to be a fine, manly youth, ardently devoted to study and the arts, and about entering one of our celebrated New England universities. Lydia was a lovely delicate girl; fifteen summers had passed over her head, but she still remained gentle and pure in heart. Frederic was what his earlier years had promised—a hearty, happy, thoughtless lad, full of fun and frolic—the life of the domestic circle; and Leonor the same whole-

souled, adhesive little friend as in her infancy, and a universal favorite. Then came Mary's own—yet why say I thus? Were they not *all* her own? So she felt, and so she recognized them, and I never could perceive the shadow of distinction in her love toward the two clusters that formed her fireside wreath.

The youngest were boys, save the babe—all bright and good, though possessed of individual characteristics that won individual admiration. Surely, thought I, if ever a pair were blessed, and deserved their blessings, that pair are Gerald and Mary Austein. And they were called the children of fortune—the favored of Heaven; this was true in the same degree as those who do the will of the Father are ever favored. The happy are envied as the favorites of God—will the world never learn that theirs is the reward of obedience to the moral and intellectual mandates of their natures?

We have represented Mary only in her domestic character. Hers was the poetry of household love—the poetry of goodness, self-sacrifice and conjugal devotedness; of fidelity to duty, firmness, patience, and meekness. Home was the sphere that she best loved—there she excelled and was honored. Have you read the tales which the poets have told of the love which the angels bore to the beauteous daughters of men? Go to the sweet little valley of Calderwood, to the delightful home of Mary Austein, and there will you see a purer love delineated in a sweeter poetry of *deeds* than Moore or Byron have ever sung of the tempted sons of God in heaven.



THE ABSENT ONE.

Original.

TO W. C. T.

WE are but four, for one hath left
This dear, this happy home,—
He's on the sea; the gallant ship
Glides through the sparkling foam.

Wists he the tears his mother shed,
His sisters' heart-felt sigh,
When all was gone, and not a sound
Bespoke the loved one nigh?

No kiss he gave, as was his wont,
His sister's heart to cheer;
Why did he part so coldly, why,
When danger hovers near?

Perchance he may no more return,
Disease infests that shore;

Oh! should it dim that beamy eye,
And cheer our hearts no more,—

Oh! should it pale that glowing cheek,
That form lay low,
Who, who would watch the sufferer's couch,
And ease his throbbing brow?

It cannot be! no, Heaven will bring
My brother back to me,
In youth, in health, again he'll come,
In truth and purity,

I'll wait that hour, my brother dear;
Guard him, oh God above!
And let him from this moment be,
Encircled in thy love.

L.

Boston, Oct. 22, 1838.



STAGE-COACH INCIDENT.

Original.

I CANNOT soon forget a little incident connected with a recent tour among the inland hills of New England. Should any one be interested in reading, I shall not regret that I have written it.

A bright morning had just opened as I took my seat in the stage-coach, to journey during the day in this moving habitation, and to make myself happy as circumstances would permit. There were but few passengers within, and most of these from early rising that morning were leaning towards drowsiness; so that I had only to take out my little travelling companion—a book—and look within its quiet lids for my solitary edification.

My reading reverie however was soon broken, and agreeably broken, too. The stage wheeled up to one of those spacious white mansions which may be seen, now and then, bestudding the hills and valleys of the 'Switzerland of America,' and from its portly front door came forth a vigorous looking young lady, with pleasant face and intelligent eyes, attended by a fond cousin who bade her an affectionate 'good morning,' as the door of our carriage closed, and each particular passenger fell back from the momentary notice of another into his own identity. It was not long before I found by a few passing remarks, such as most generally occur in that travelling 'exchange,' a stage coach, that my lady fellow-passenger was one who knew more than merely to please and be pleased. Her ideas evinced a clear intellect, and her words were 'fitly spoken;' and beside, I soon found she had a good, feeling heart; for there are certain signals occasionally thrown out of the 'soul's windows' which are

sure indications of this, affectation to the contrary notwithstanding.

We commenced conversation. It was pleasant and free. I learned, by incidental remarks, that she belonged to the goodly city of 'the state-house and common,' that she had been on a rusticating visit for a few months, and for the first time in her life among the rugged hills and valleys, lakes and streams of the North; and was now returning to tell her friends how agreeably she had been disappointed; and contrary to some of their prophecies, she had neither been homesick nor weary of rural scenery; that she had found, not a dull and uninteresting portion of the country land, where rugged rocks and black stumps, hideous precipices and 'shrubless mountain tops,' gloomy forests and uninteresting corn and potatoe fields only appeared; but a region where nature's fairest works stood forth in their brightness, as they came from the hand of the Great Architect; where the voice and the footsteps of gladness and industry had been heard and seen, and where moral goodness, intelligence and worth were to be found. She had become converted from an exclusive lover of the city, to a strong and ardent admirer of the country—and a devout worshiper in that outer temple of the Eternal, where—

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.'

The coach continued to fly onward; so did our conversation. Various were the topics touched upon, and in the discussion of which some fellow passenger occasionally joined. The beauties of forest, lake and mountain scenery, the ignorance of many of the city people on this subject, local attachments, the superiority of Boston over the rest of New England; the eminence and relative merits of writers—such as Scott, Cooper, Bulwer, Miss Martineau, and many of the poets—with a description given by the young lady of the private life of a distinguished American female writer; all these and many other subjects were introduced and discussed in that unembarrassed manner which honest stage-coach companions know best how to understand. Would that our conversation could have ended pleasantly as it commenced. But—I was not in fault.

Religious opinions were incidentally spoken of. I had no doubt of the 'persuasion' of the

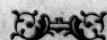
pleasant lady; although I had, as yet, said nothing that could lead her to suspect my sentiments. She was 'orthodox,' in the popular and *usurped* sense of that term. Yet she seemed charitable, and spake of certain other sects and their preachers with no small share of candor and regard. Of one sentiment we had not yet spoken; and that was the doctrine of the reconciliation of all men to God. She knew nothing of this, as she afterwards briefly declared; but something being said concerning Miss Martineau's silence on the subject in the account of her American tour, an opportunity was given me to introduce it with propriety, and I hoped without offence. But in this I was disappointed. Here the change came! Our social interchange of thought, delightful spell, was broken; our day's companionship embittered; our words and mutual looks less frequent, till silence and darkness came over us, and we alighted at the 'traveler's home,' to ride and converse, perhaps, no more together, if ever to meet again this side 'the realm where angels have their birth.'

What caused this change? Nothing but prejudice. All was bright till that 'vexed subject,' Universalism, was introduced; then all the pleasures of conversation were quenched, and the heart that but a moment before beat and glowed with emotions of goodness and charity, now became cold under the deadening effect of bigotry. What a shame that such amiableness and intelligence should be imprisoned in such narrow limits!

Often as I remember this little incident, I shall pray the Father of mercies to turn the heart of this dear child to Him; to release her from the strong holds of prejudice, to take the veil of error from her eyes, and cause her to see and rejoice in the celestial truth of a world's salvation.

Malden, Mass.

J. G. A.



TO MY MOTHER,

Original.

O! do not nightly mourn, my mother,
The absence of thy eldest son;
We soon shall see and greet each other,
And live and love as we have done.

I know the wide and stormy ocean
Rolls on between my home and me,
Or I would come in true devotion,
And crave thy blessing, on my knee.

But distance, mother, shall not sever
The tender chords which bind our souls;

I'll think of thee—O ! yes, forever,
Though I might wander to the poles.

Yes, every morn, and every even,
My thoughts to thee do fondly roam ;
There are no thoughts this side of heaven,
So sweet to me as those of home.

I love the woodbine which is clinging
Upon the trellis round the door ;
And that tall grape too, which is flinging
Its cooling shadow down before.

Ay, each green leaf and each sweet flower
That grows within the pale of home,
Is far more dear than aught from bower
In classic Greece or ancient Rome.

God bless thee now—my heart is swelling
To tread New-England's rock bound shore,
And greet thee in our humble dwelling,
To leave my pleasant home no more.

D. B. H.

South Carolina.



FRAGMENT.

BY REV. GEORGE ROGERS.

'But I've been another man since I found religion.'

Stay, my friend—pardon my interruption—
where did you find your religion ?

'I found it at Crove Corner's meeting-house.'

Is there any more to be found there, or did
you get all there was ?

'No, sir, I didn't get it all, I allow you can
get some if you'll use the means.'

What, of the same sort with that you found ?

'Yes, sir.'

Perhaps it may not be worth the trouble when
found ; and, besides, as I am journeying on
horseback, I might find it troublesome to carry.
Is it a heavy article ?

'I calculate, stranger, you never had religion,
if you are a preacher ; (somewhat piqued,) or I
allow if you had, you've lost it.'

In the latter case I might, I suppose, recover
the property by advertising it, with a reward to
the finder. (As this was uttered with much cool
gravity, the stranger supposed me serious, and
was overwhelmed in amazement.)

'Why, now, if that don't saw my leg clean off!
I never see'd afore such ignorance of religion!
You talk jest as if religion was something a man
carried in his pocket.'

I so understood you to speak, my friend ; and
I adapted my discourse to your apparent views ;
for you talk of getting religion—finding, losing,
and having it—as though it were in fact a tangible

matter, a thing of possession rather than of practice and feeling.

The devil must have a fund of religion by this time, according to the language in common use among religionists ; for he is said to have gotten many a poor fellow's religion away from him. But, possibly, he does not keep all he thus gets, and in that case he must be an ill-natured fiend, to filch from others what can be of no use to himself.

Seriously, every lover of christianity must deplore the fact that, maugre all the preaching, praying, professing, writing, &c., about religion, so little, apparently, is known of its nature and offices. It seems a cabalistic spell, very potent in its qualities—but for what ? To save us from hell—to get us to heaven ! We all have religious faculties, in some they are more active than in others ; and in the same persons they are more active at some times than at others ; when these are excited into exercise, we experience religion ; and this experience is delightful or otherwise, according as the objects by which it is excited are pleasing or terrible. Experimental religion is feeling produced by the exercise of our religious faculties. Practical religion is action prompted by that feeling. He, then, is religious, whose religious faculties are in constant exercise ; and he is irreligious in whom those faculties are dormant. Now a man may be religious without being a christian, because his religious faculties may be acted upon by other and different objects from those which christianity furnishes ; he may be a Jew, Mahometan, Pagan, and yet a religious man ; and on the other hand, he may be in faith a christian without being a religious man. The current phraseology, therefore, on the subject of religion—such as getting religion, finding, having, losing it, &c., expresses nonsense, which is no sense at all.



'If you would form the sublimest conceptions of the eternal and underived happiness of the Deity, cultivate dispositions to oblige, and seize occasions to serve and benefit your fellow-beings. If you would imagine more impressive ideas of the torments of demons than poets have dreamed, muse upon injuries, cultivate envy and revenge, and wish you had the bolts of the thunderer, only that you might hurl them upon your foes. If you would experience the eternal gnawings of the vulture, allow yourself in the constant indulgence of your temper.'

NOTICES.

BLACK LISTS. Subscribers do not seem to understand the real character of these lists, as we receive often a request 'not to be put on the black list,' as from some good cause payment must be delayed. Now, be it understood, that none are put upon the black list but those who are hopeless—who have been written to and returned either no answer or a very ungentlemanly one, or who have removed from their former residence and left no clue to whither they have fled. There is always *some other cause* than simply that a person owes us, that inclines us to give him the unenviable notoriety of the Black List. No conscientious subscriber need give himself any uneasiness in respect to this matter.

'**THOUGHTS ON REVIVALS OF RELIGION,**' by Charles C. Burr. Such is the title of a small 12mo. volume, of near a hundred pages, which we have received, but have no time to peruse. We have looked through it and find that the author, in a very rapid manner, has discussed the doctrines, objects, effects and subjects of Revivalists, and revival measures. It may be of good service in places where still the railroad principle is applied to the making of converts, and where religion is supposed to be found amid noise and excitement. The work may be had at this office; price 25 cents.

'**THE PENALTY OF SIN,**' a sermon by Rev. T. J. Sawyer. This is the most excellent discourse we ever read on this much controverted subject. It was written as a reply to an attack on the doctrine of Universalism by an opponent; and as most every elaborate attempt to assail the Restitution embraces the same arguments as are here answered, this pamphlet is well adapted for circulation. We unreservedly and heartily commend it to the attention of the friends of truth, believing that it will do much to enlighten the benighted and confirm the believer, if widely circulated. The text considered is Romans vi. 23. 'The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

'**UNIVERSALISM; WHAT IT IS NOT, AND WHAT IT IS,**' by Rev. E. H. Chapin. We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of a copy of a discourse with the above caption, preached in Richmond, Va. From a hasty perusal we should judge the subject to be well treated and commendable to the author. It will do well to accompany Br. Sawyer's discourse, and must be beneficial in its tendency wherever circulated in giving those who are not of us correct ideas of the real principles of our faith.

ORDINATION AT ANDOVER. Though some time has passed since the event took place to which we refer, yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of alluding to it, as we wish to congratulate our friends in Andover that their ardent prayer is answered, and to inform our friends at a distance that the cause of truth is gradually and surely on the advance in that far-known town. It is marvelous how the cause of truth has prospered there, and it is greatly encouraging to our brethren in all places where believers are few to press on; do but begin right—with a right spirit, from right principles, as did the friends in Andover, and an abundant blessing will be bestowed upon you. We are glad that our esteemed Br. Joseph Grammer, has been ordained as pastor of the Andover society. The people needed just such a pastor as they have chosen, a prudent, conscientious and devoted minister of Christ, whose energies are consecrated to the work of his calling. May the blessing of Heaven rest upon people and pastor. The ordination took place the 3rd of October, sermon by Br. Thompson of Lowell; charge

and delivery of Scriptures by Br. O. A. Skinner of Boston; right hand of fellowship by ourself; and address to society by Br. T. F. King, of Charlestown.

'**THE NEW YORKER.**' This is decidedly the best literary paper that comes amid the many we receive. It maintains a high character in comparison with any of the periodicals of great pretensions, and though it is not introduced to the public with such a flourish of trumpets as some others, yet the industry, good taste and talent of its conductors, are not surpassed by any others in the 'corps editorial.' For useful matter, entertaining variety and substantial worth, we recommend it to any one who wants a good weekly, and knows not how to decide among the great mass that solicit his favor. 'The New Yorker' is published by Messrs. H. Greely & Co. 127 Nassau street, New-York. It is executed in a fine style of typographical neatness, quarto form, 16 pages, close, small type; price \$4 per annum.

SIXTH NUMBER OF 7TH VOL. This number concludes the first half year of the present volume, and the publisher says he shall charge the full price, \$2 50, after this month to all delinquents. All who pay before another No. is issued will receive, for \$2, a receipt in full for volume 7, but to all delinquents after that our rules must be applied. We are sick of asking the attention of delinquent subscribers to our dues, and hope that they will awake and prevent the necessity of any more of these duns, disagreeable to us as to any.

Br. Abel C. Thomas, will you please send, as soon as you see this, the remainder of the hymn attached to 'Lombard Street'? Ed.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. We promised last month to give, in this number, an account of a visit to Mount Auburn during the Convention season, but as several of our weekly papers have given accounts of it, and probably most of our readers have seen some of them, we have thought it best to occupy the space with something else.

We have a very interesting letter from a subscriber in Canada, which we shall insert with remarks in our next.

Will our Dover correspondent let us hear from her again? We should be happy to hear from her often.

We wish, ere the next number is due, to hear from D. J. M.

We are very thankful for the beautiful poems of S. C. E. in this number; and to the many who are enquiring why she is so silent of late, we can only answer that we are every day expecting some favors from her.

Several articles have been crowded out this month; several are on hand that we have not examined, but will be attended to in our next.

Br. Grosh; send current volume of Magazine and Advocate to Rev. W. S. Cilley, N. Chatham, Mass., and charge A. T. (This name was sent some months since, but he has not received any Nos.) Cr. L. Martin, Richmond, N. H. \$1 50 for current volume, and charge A. T.

List of Letters containing remittances received since our last, ending Oct. 29, 1838.

R. W., Thompson, \$1; A. R., S. Avon, \$2; J. A. A., Leyden, \$4; C. W. M., Petersham, \$5; L. F., De Peyster, \$2; E. D., Durham, \$12; J. F., Andover, \$4; H. W., Minot, \$3; W. S. C., Middleton, \$2; G. C. L., Annisquam, \$16 23; N. J. H., Smithville, \$2; J. S., Exeter, \$10; T. M., Springfield, \$2; O. A. B., Ludlow, \$2; C. J. B., Portland, \$38; W. S. B., Hartland, \$4; L. L. S., Perrysburg, \$41; W. S. B., Cortlandville, \$28.

WILLIAMS. P. M.

Air J. G. Adams.—Harmonized by Thomas Whittemore.
(Hymn 91, Ballou's Collection.)

Since o'er thy footstool here be - low Such ra - - dant gems are strown,

6 3 6 4 6 6 5 4 3

O what mag - ni - - fi - cence must glow, Great God, a - - bout thy throne!

6 5 6 4 7 3

So bril - liant here these drops of light, There the full o - - cean rolls—how bright!

5 6 7 8 6 4 7 3 6 6 4 4 6 6 6 4 7 3

If night's blue curtain of the sky—
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer vail,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell

The dazzling sun at noonday hour—
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine:
What, then, the day where thou dost shine!

O how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze!—
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.